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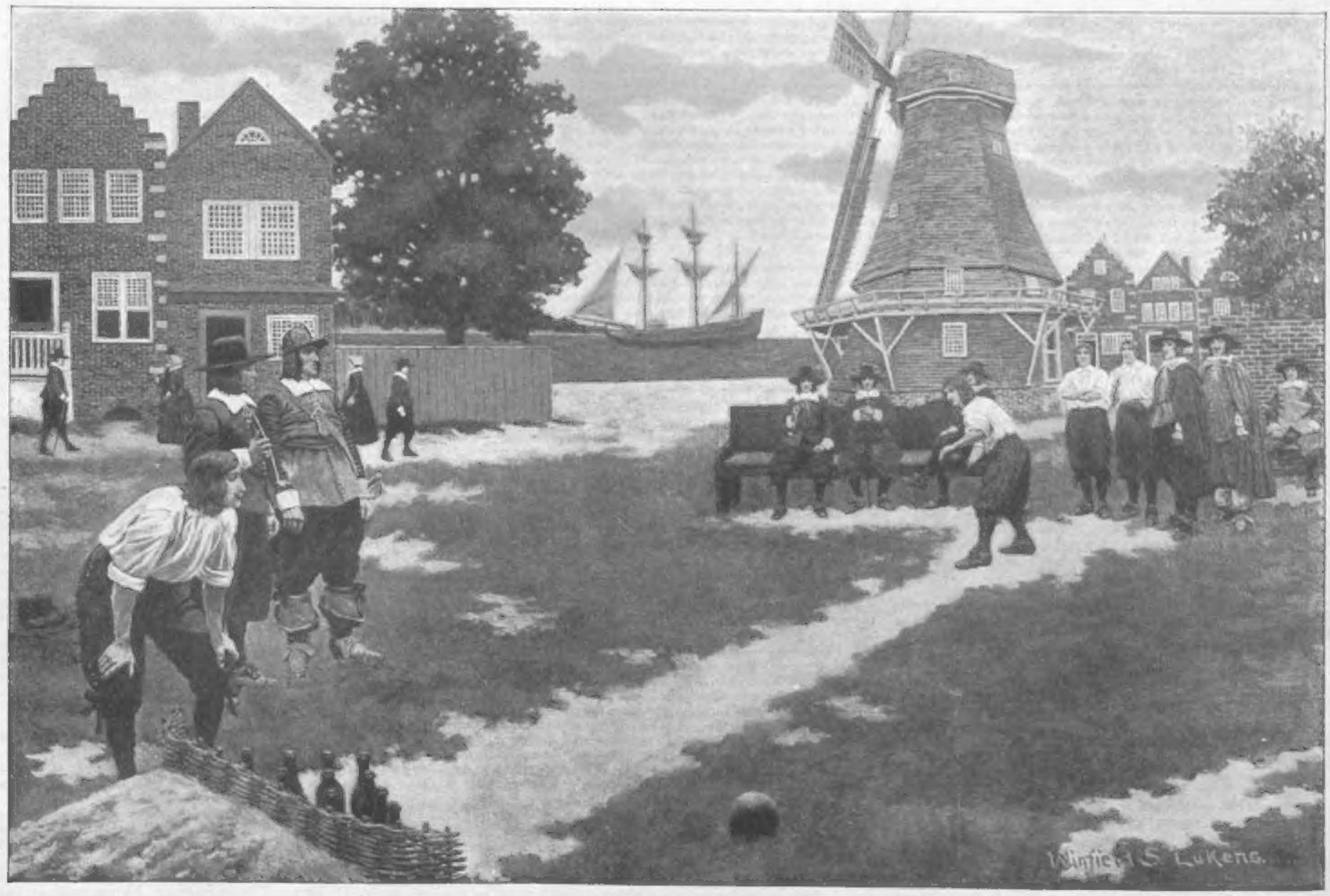
The Twentieth Century City

By Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago



THE BEGINNINGS OF OUR GREATEST AMERICAN CITY—NEW YORK IN THE 17TH CENTURY

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CITY

By Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago

SINCE I am assured that the men of the twentieth century will think more acutely of civic affairs than they do in these last days of the nineteenth century, it is not difficult to indicate what Chicago, Boston, New York, far-south New Orleans and distant Seattle will be when the noonday of the new century is at hand.

The disposition of to-day is to let the Mayor do the thinking for the municipality. Aldermen need not think; citizens need not think; heads of departments must be automatons. The task is too Herculean for one man—a Mayor standing alone. In Chicago it means that he must keep grasp of the conditions of 12,000 employees, of 4000 miles of streets, of 2000 miles of sewers, of over $32,000,000 worth of expenditures, of the municipal needs of over 2,000,000 people. Let him succeed in a single particular, he may be praised. If he fail by the breadth of a hair he is the target of carping critics. This is not complaint. It is the statement of a situation.

The city of the twentieth century, assuming its government advances with the years, will have at its head a Mayor absolutely free from care as to the routine business of the municipality. He will be a business head, and be elected because he has sound opinions and sufficiently wide experience on sanitation, street cleaning, park and boulevard developments, water supply, and the like, to make him an authority. He will be a business guide, and not a political factor, as he is forced to be to-day. I do not believe he will be taken any more from the ranks of reformers than from the alignment of professional boodlers. He will be the highest type of the business man of 1950. His salary in all probability will range from $10,000 to $25,000 the year, since in many respects he will be more powerful, and be called upon for more than Governors, or even the President.

The tendency of the times appears to be insistence that this Mayor of the coming years shall be not only politically sound and strong, but he must be morally pure, in private as well as public life. He will belong to one of the two great parties; he will not emasculate his political opinions; he will and should have certain quasi-confidential offices in the municipality to bestow upon his friends and his supporters, but he must have been tested as to his capacity to resist the bribe-giver, and a corrupt private life will bar him from a political career. I feel confident the American people are more insistent upon this point than ever before.

Certain well-meaning but misguided members of our commonwealth, year after year seek to foist into control of the public offices what I would term "condensed-milk" candidates. These aspirants might be called reform negatives. The twentieth-century municipality, vibrating with the surging pulse of millions, will have no place for them. The public tendency will be to elevate persistently the office of Mayor until his functions become precisely those of any one of the brainy officials directing to-day the financiering and management of corporations like the Burlington or the Northwestern road, the Biscuit or the Diamond Match Company.

The nasty mess of petty things that confront the Mayor of New York City as annoyingly to-day as they do the Mayor of the smaller city of St. Paul or Denver, will be crammed down to the levels of subordinates who are there solely to care for the details. Whether these subordinates remain permanently in office under Civil Service or are changed as parties triumph is a point yet unsettled by the public. Personally, I believe a change in bookkeepers and cash-takers is a benefit, so long as honest men succeed honest men. And it is not yet demonstrated, much as I admire some phases of Civil Service, that it breeds any greater degree of honesty than the old system.

It is difficult to believe that the public sentiment of the twentieth century will be any more favorable to a standing army of mechanically appointed civil employees than it is to a standing army for foreign aggression or internal oppression. One is as bad a nuisance and menace to republican institutions as the other.

A Civil Service that should not confine itself to mere mechanical questioning as to the fitness of candidates for office, but which should go further and take into cognizance the character and capacity of all would-be public servants, would reach many evils now in existence. I feel confident that one of the important changes of the approaching new era will be public demand for a Civil Service law, national in scope and national and local in application, which shall have for its distinct purpose an upbuilding of the moral character of office-holders.

I have said it before and I wish to repeat it now, that it is a duty of every political party in this country to work actively for the education of the young men. The next hundred years, if it is not to witness the destruction of all democratic principles to which we are now sworn, will witness the advent of the young man as a political factor—the young man who commences to act in public life as soon as he has attained his majority. Not that I would disparage the counsels of the elders. But it is the young man who is primed with hope, enthusiasm, first courage. He needs to-day but intelligence as to public affairs to be able to lead public opinion along safe lines. He is unsafe to-day because he is ignorant.

The time is near at hand when he will understand primary laws and attend primaries; when he will know the spirit of election laws and practice with his knowledge. He will have grasped the purpose of the Constitution and its amendments. He will have studied to effect all the vital questions relating to standing armies, a greater navy, the currency, the tariff, internal improvements, colonial policy, and, guided by reason, he will join his vim and dash to the wisdom and balance of the elders—and rule. When this comes about it will be impossible for combinations of corrupt men to last, let alone spring into existence. Corruption in public life fears nothing so much as the light of intelligence, and I may say that the public battles fought and won in Chicago during the last two years had their foundation of victory laid in the educational campaigns waged in their favor.

Timidity in approaching public issues will cease when with intelligence the citizen realizes that thinking well is of little value so long as action does not take place with it. It is the man who thinks and then acts for the right that counts in public service. That man is growing more and more common each year. In a quarter of a century he and his fellows should be a majority in municipal affairs, even in a city as great as New York, where public interest in public affairs is at its lowest ebb.

If we are deeply concerned in the outcome of the Philippine issue, if we are concerned about our relations with foreign Powers, how much more should we feel interest in internal affairs—the development of cities, the coming dominating power of all but the general government? Stop to think that practically Chicago now makes Illinois; New York, New York State; St. Louis, Missouri; San Francisco and Los Angeles, California; Cincinnati, Cleveland and Toledo, Ohio. Shall we halt in any effort to make the city of the twentieth century the highest type of its kind?

On mature reflection, and being more specific in my statements as to what the city of the new century is to be, I would say that every municipality in the United States is now crying for more sunlight, more pure air, more room, more green grass, and a nearer approach to Nature. Our cities have been made prisons. We realize this after the trees have been cut, the grass destroyed, the air clogged with soft-coal smoke, the avenues blocked with tumbling, disease-ridden tenements.

Now we are on the threshold of partially returning to first conditions. Chicago, with the largest boulevard and park system in the world, is about to create a huge system of small parks, scattered in those sections of the city where now the way is the most dark. Other cities are engaged in similar efforts to beautify.

We might have known fifty years ago—we do know it now—that no municipal population can be of healthy mind, of good morals, of sound health, if it be jammed into tenements, shut out from sunlight, given no sight of God's grass and the beauties of Nature. Bad air, foul sewer odors, dirty streets, decaying buildings breed crime. This is the experience of London and New York. It is our experience in this young giant city of the West. We are only sixty-two years old as a city, but we have our Ghetto, our Mulberry Place, our sore spots that increase in ulceration as neglect of them continues.

I know the immense values to which real estate has risen. I know that some think land is only a thing for speculation, and that a private property right is greater than municipal comfort, health and intelligence. But such believers are passing into a minority, and a majority is rising which means that so far as possible Nature shall return to the avenues and streets of the great municipalities.

The cost when calculated in dollars and cents will be enormous, but the return when figured in benefit to health and soul will exceed the expense by millions. A first indication of this coming change is the deep scientific study in progress as to securing a pavement which may be universally used—a street paving which shall withstand the damp of London, the marsh wetness of Chicago, the salt air of New York, the frosts of St. Paul. Just now asphalt seems to fill the bill, but something better still is needed, and it will be found. This pavement will combine several necessary attributes—it will be durable, dustless, easily cleaned, cheap. A street paving of this character that can be laid in large cities and small ones at an expense of $25,000 a mile will revolutionize the character of the modern street.

In the matter of sewerage systems the plan of conveyance now in use—subterranean tunnels—will hardly be improved upon, but the question of disposition will be settled. Here in Chicago we think our drainage channel, nearly completed, will end our troubles with the question of disposition, but few cities can build a $33,000,000 waterway, as we have done. A method of burning, or utilization for farm fertilizing, a method which is inexpensive to the municipality and profitable to the private contractor, must be found. Investigation now in progress in foreign countries as well as here leaves no room for doubt that in less than a hundred years the solution will have been found.

Water supply is still a vexed question. With a population of over 2,000,000 Chicago annually uses nearly 99,000,000,000 gallons of water. This is water used for domestic purposes and fire protection also. What supply shall we need when we shall have 4,000,000 in population at the end of 1999? Our quantity is sufficient, but how are we to distribute it? For Chicago I cannot answer the question, but it appears to me certain that other cities will gradually pass into the reservoir plan of distributing their water. They will filter, aerate, purify. Health departments will give that same scientific attention to the character of water supply that they now pay to smallpox germs or the bacteria of diphtheria.

It is my belief that alleys will cease to exist as such; that in the cities where they exist—and I think New York is the only large city without alleys—they will be paved, lighted, drained as streets are, and become thoroughfares for business traffic. The alley of to-day in the average city is a disease-breeder. It is a place used for the concealment or storage of waste matter with little care as to what municipal ordinances demand. Crowding of population is beginning to give the alley a higher value. Good paving, electric lighting and thorough drainage make it attractive and useful for the small stores and places to which the avenue is too expensive. The arcade plan of Boston is certain to be adopted in Chicago in a short time, and long before 1900 and succeeding years are old the ancient alley of garbage, waste paper and mud will have passed away.

In this connection I must say that I do not believe the use of gas for municipal lighting will be profitable more than twenty years longer. Electricity is the coming municipal light. It is a better light, has greater radiating power, can be used in more ornamental fashion, and is the cheapest in the end. It is but two years ago that the average expense of maintaining a 2000-candle-power electric light all night and every night in the year, in Chicago, cost $90.65 the year. We have so reduced that expense while increasing the number of lights in use that it is now but $68.52 the year. Chicago is now operating over 3000 electric arc lamps, and has the largest municipal electric street-lighting plant in the world. Our success in this direction will end in the location of an arc lamp at every street corner in the city, and at the mouth of every alley, turning night into day, and materially reducing the opportunities for the commission of crime.

The wooden sidewalk is to be replaced by cement. Garbage collection will be daily at all residences and twice a day at large institutions. Garbage will be burned or converted into material for building or fertilizer. Street wagons hauling refuse of any kind will be almost hermetically sealed when passing through the streets. Boulevards and streets for pleasure travel will double in number, while freight traffic will be diverted from teams to electric lines. The horse, for any purpose but light driving, will not be in use in the city. The automobile will be the vehicle for use, and have but one rival, the bicycle.

The street railway as known to-day, a thing of interfering rails, of dangerous overhead trolley, of small cars and smaller stockholders, will pass to an oblivion it should have reached years ago. I question, if we find the durable street paving so necessary now to all cities, whether street railways will use rails at the end of another twenty-five years. The automobile with its free use of all paved ways will drive the street car off of rails into unrestricted use of the streets. With the disappearance of the rails we will have an end of the corrupt and bothersome franchise questions. The streets will come back to the people literally.

Steam railroads will not enter any city save on elevated ways. In two years more we will not have in Chicago a steam road that enters on the surface. Other cities will follow our example.

And what change is all this to bring in the character of the people of our great trade centres? I think, with all due respect for those pessimists who believe the world ought to

go backward, if it does not, that a new and broader charity is to come, which will make the city of the twentieth century a bit nearer an earthly Heaven than it is to-day.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it—
Not Lancelot, nor another."

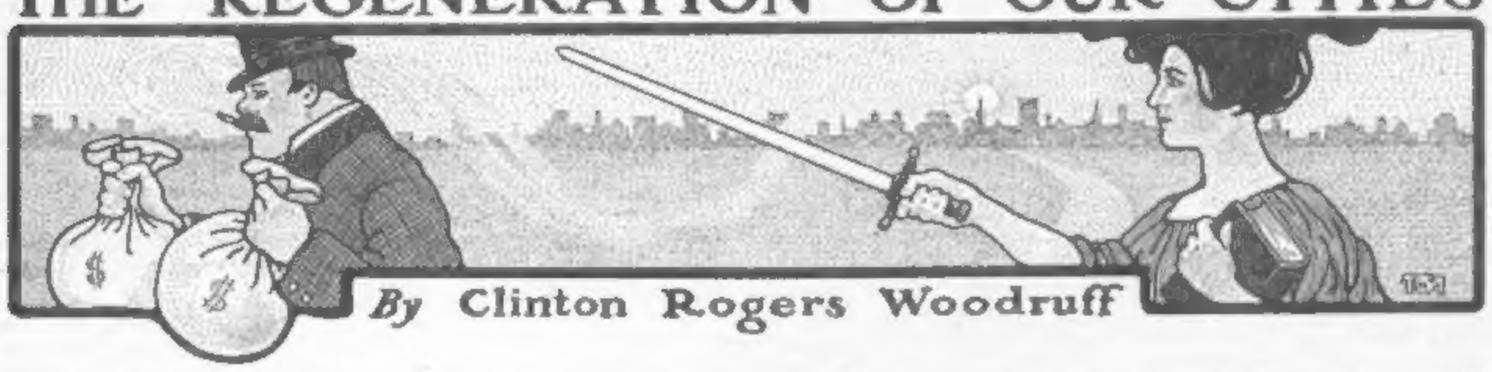
The popular mind, seeing the approach of the highest in material comforts, will cling closer to the standard and in doing so develop a new spirituality. Municipal hospitals will be plentiful and provided for all needed purposes. Health Boards will have practically unlimited sanitary powers. Tenements will not be permitted to stand. Light, pure air, ample room will be provided for those to whom the fortune of life has not been kind. The municipal park will be a fixture in every district. Tree culture will be encouraged, and flowers will no longer be a rarity to the poor.

As much attention then will be paid to the night school as is now devoted to useless charities. The common schools, the primary and grammar grades, will receive double the notice now paid them. The high school will be curtailed in power, because those wealthy enough to enjoy its comforts, being in a hopeless minority, should pay for the same or seek the private school, while taxation results are diverted to the schools for the people. We will no longer force a child to climb up to education. We will bring it down to him.

Our penal institutions will take on the character of farms and gardens, and put off the character of prisons. Children guilty of first offense will never be incarcerated with confirmed criminals. Police authorities will have awakened to the fact that crime is as much a disease as typhoid fever, and that the patient must be treated accordingly. Municipal law will approach recognition of moral law.

We shall be only a hundred years nearer the distant millennium, but the changes will be tremendous compared with conditions of to-day. We move rapidly in these United States. Our pace is not that of the eighteenth century, nor long to be that of the nineteenth. We are awakening, trembling on the edge of the great discovery that life is coöperation, that isolation is a crime, that hands must be linked in hands for the accomplishment of any great result. Great cities, being the heart-centres of the commercial life of the world, will feel first—are feeling now—that divinely inspired impulse to look within, build within, uplift. I might say that conditions, for instance, in Chicago were never darker for the coming of that municipal life I have just portrayed. This would be false. On the contrary, here in Chicago, in New York, in Philadelphia, in Boston, municipal movement toward more light, toward radical departures was never stronger. The thinking people are beginning to act, and when thought acts, guided by conscience, there is no reason to fear but that the results will be for the best.

THE REGENERATION OF OUR CITIES



By Clinton Rogers Woodruff

WE HEAR so much of the corruption and mismanagement of our cities that we sometimes overlook the existence of the forces which are making for their regeneration and upbuilding. During the past ten years the agencies for civic purification have multiplied with great rapidity. Our people are awakening from their dangerous lethargy—not so fast as some of us would like, nor are they taking hold as vigorously as the situation demands; still they are awakening and are taking hold. This is a great gain.

For instance, along educational lines we find a growing realization that there should be some preparation during schooldays for the arduous duties of the citizenship of adult years; and further, greater efforts are making to protect the children from adverse influences. The George Junior Republic, the Gill School City, the increasing instruction in what has come to be known in these latter days as civics, are illustrations of the former class; the vacation school and the playground, of the latter.

Mr. Wilson L. Gill, of New York City, President of the American Patriotic League of America, conceived the idea of teaching the duties of future American citizenship through the aid of a miniature municipality—hence the Gill School City. During the past winter, at the Hollingsworth Public School in Philadelphia, such a school was successfully conducted. The boys filled the various offices from policemen to Mayor. The following are some of the ordinances enacted by the Council:

"No profanity nor using bad words; no writing on the walls.

"Cleanliness is to be observed when in the yard and in the schoolroom, and citizens must be clean.

"No yelling fire, playing or sitting on the fire-escapes or in the side yard. No squirting of water or throwing snowballs. No sling-shots.

"No boy will be allowed to look in the jail windows. If he is seen doing so he will be arrested by the police.

"The Mayor and his appointees serve one term. Policemen serve two weeks."

Can any one doubt the good effect of this early, preliminary training in local self-government? If he does, Mr. Gill's experience will fully answer him. Of course, the present generation will not feel the full force and effect of this, but those to come will, and we must work for the future as well as for the present.

The vacation school has proved to be equally beneficial along somewhat different lines. Established usually in squalid parts of the city, it occupies the hearts and thoughts of the little ones at the period of their greatest risk. Ten months of schooling have a salutary effect, which is likely to be lost, however, during the two months' vacation period, when the only recreation furnished is that afforded by the streets. Just here the vacation school comes in and furnishes wholesome occupation and instruction. The children are entertained, their minds informed, their characters moulded, not only for the present, but for the future. There is no more telling part of the reports of these schools than that which refers to the fact that those who attend vacation schools make the best showing during the fall, winter and spring terms. The good effect of these schools, however, will manifest itself in the future, rather than in the present; but they bring the day of regeneration closer.

THE LIBRARY MOVEMENT IN MASSACHUSETTS

The library movement is working in the same direction. Look at the wonderful work of the Massachusetts Library Commission—but seven towns in the State have no free public library. With a population of 2,500,183, less than one-half of one per cent. of the entire population, or 10,970, are without free library privileges. Six out of these seven towns show a loss in population during the past decade. The total number of secular libraries in the State is now 687, with 6,511,700 books valued at $9,875,760, and a home circulation of 6,803,315. In other words, every man, woman and child in Massachusetts read nearly three books during the past year. In Boston the home circulation amounted to 1,199,658 books in 1897.

The Philadelphia Free Library circulated 1,738,950 books in 1898. It sent out traveling libraries to university extension centres, to machine shops, to neighborhood guilds, to evening schools, to vacation schools, to telegraph offices, to fire and police stations. The reading habit is growing. True, many of those who use the library and its branches read fiction; but when they are reading they are not loafing, or drinking, or gambling, or forming other bad habits. They are kept out of mischief, at least. This is something of which we can boast. It will not be long after the reading habit is formed for them to proceed to more substantial books, and imbibe good ideas. (This is, of course, assuming that fiction reading has no such result, which I am not at all disposed to admit.) We have passed from a negative to a positive virtue; but both are essential, and if only the first is accomplished, the effort is certainly worth while.

Who can estimate the service of college and university and social settlements? They may be few and far between, their number totally disproportionate to the population; but we must not forget the parable of the mustard seed. There are many who believe that the day is not far distant when Miss Jane Addams will supplant John Powers as the influential factor in the notorious Nineteenth Ward of Chicago. Do you realize what this means? We have leadership in both instances; but for what different purposes; with what different results! James B. Reynolds, at the University Settlement in New York, is following along the same lines. Any one who has visited such a settlement, seen and talked with the boys and girls who will make the responsible citizens of the next generation, cannot but come away impressed with a certain feeling of hopefulness.

HOW PLAYGROUNDS AND BATH-HOUSES BETTER A CITY

Of a piece is the small parks movement, the playground movement, evening schools, boys' and girls' guilds, the institutional church. The best thing about it all is that the beginning has been made. There has been some progress. There is a growing class of men and women with power and authority who are coming to see their duty in this direction and with whom to see is to think and then do.

Mayor Quincy, of Boston, has explained in these columns what he is doing in the matter of baths for the multitude. Other cities are following. Some few have gone before; all will soon be in line. A bath does not make a patriot, but the city and the State have less to fear from a clean citizen than from a dirty one. There is a solidarity about cleanliness that has great latent possibilities; let us encourage it at the same time we encourage education and enlightened recreation. Cleanliness, education, recreation seem to be simple enough to those who have them within reach; but do you know how many there are who are shut out? Go into the slum district some day and catch a glimpse of the great unwashed. You may then wake up to the need of your personal coöperation.

The conscious effort toward a better condition of affairs, however, is not confined to the young, or the lowly, or the outcast. There is quite as much need for regeneration at the top. "Eminent respectability" has almost a dangerous sound to the reformer. He realizes that there is too frequently concealed under this garb an amount of prejudice, indifference and selfishness that is almost insuperable. Still, the reformer has attacked this problem with as much vigor, as much persistence, as the others to which we have referred, and with results that can fairly be considered as encouraging. Take, for instance, the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago. Some three or four years ago it began the then apparently impracticable task of cleaning out Chicago's Augean stable—the Board of Aldermen. "All very well," the bank director, the stockholder in the street railway company, the gas company bondholder said, "but corruption is in the nature of things municipal, and you must change human nature if you want to change Chicago's Council. Still, go ahead—you are engaged in a good work." Thus the municipal Pecksniff talks wherever you find him—always a good word for reform, but his vote is with the machine.

This League, like some other similar bodies in the United States, was composed of some impracticable young men who thought that a measure of municipal reform was at least possible. It has progressed so far that its Vice-President a year ago was able to say of the Council, after three years of struggle, three years of publishing a list of the good and bad, after three years of conscientious endeavor: "Since 1895 but one general boodle ordinance has passed. The Council's character has steadily risen until one-half of its members can now be relied upon to support public against private interests. At least three times within a year the powerful street railway combine has tried to control two-thirds of its members to give them fifty years extensions of ordinances of incalculable value. Each time the introduction of the combine's ordinances has been withheld."

Since this was written its character has been still further improved and the street railway combine has met with a still more pronounced rebuff. The great uprising in Chicago last spring, when an attempt was made to force its ordinance through, is fresh in our minds. The courageous conduct of Mayor Harrison and the strong expression of public opinion had its effect. Ten years ago both would have been impossible. The company would have had its ordinance and the people would not have been aware of the fact, perhaps, for several years thereafter.

SOME ENCOURAGING SIGNS OF THE TIMES

When we recall that there are over two hundred municipal reform organizations scattered throughout the United States we are justified in taking heart and feeling some hope. To be sure, these are not all equally efficient, nor all equally persistent. They represent one thing, at least: some people in some places believe there is a municipal problem calling for solution, and that there must be some organized effort to grapple with it, and that they have a duty to perform in connection therewith. This is something.

Then we have the Christian Endeavorers exercised over the question of good government. They talk about it in their National, State and city gatherings. Their local societies have good citizenship committees. Their President has given some sound advice as to the relationship existing between the primaries and the prayer-meeting; the prayer-meeting and the ballot-box.

The Mayors and Councilmen and other city officials are likewise beginning to bestir themselves, and they are holding National and State meetings to discuss ways and means of improving things. They have not gotten very far yet, but (and this is a big thing) they have made the beginning, and any one who has attended one of their conventions cannot but feel impressed with the possibilities.

Municipal ownership is one of the youngest of the factors which have been developed; but it is as lusty as young, and already is making rapid headway, especially in the West. Ten years ago a municipal franchise was regarded quite generally as the legitimate prey of the corporation. The municipality had no rights which an Alderman was bound to respect. First come, first served, provided always, of course, that they came first to the city father. Corruption still exists—indeed, is still deeply rooted—but then, it costs more money. That is to say, when public opinion is against a measure more money must be used to put it through. For example, a certain well-known corporation in a city not far away wanted a franchise for thirty years. The people did not favor the grant; the Councilmen did. The company "financed" the undertaking by floating securities of face value of $11,000,000 at $6,700,000. These never sold at less than par, and now command a premium. Some Councilmen who receive no salaries live in good style although described in the directory as "gentlemen"—that is, citizens of no known occupation. "Financed" sounds better; besides, it is a concession to public taste.

Facetiousness aside, while the municipal problem is many-sided and fraught with many and great difficulties, still the outlook is not hopeless. Indeed, to some who are far-seeing the end does not appear so far distant as it did only a short while ago. It can be hastened as each one realizes and discharges his civic duties; it can be retarded if we fail to appreciate our responsibilities and our power. Municipal regeneration follows municipal awakening.

The Transfiguration of Miss PHILURA

By Florence Morse Kingsley

MISS PHILURA RICE tied her faded bonnet strings under her faded chin with hands that trembled a little; then she leaned forward and gazed anxiously at the reflection which confronted her. A somewhat pinched and wistful face it was, with large, light-lashed blue eyes, arched over with a mere pretense at eyebrows. More than once in her twenties Miss Philura had ventured to eke out this scanty provision of Nature with a modicum of burned match stealthily applied in the privacy of her virgin chamber. But the twenties, with their attendant dreams and follies, were definitely past; just how long past no one knew exactly—Miss Philura never informed the curious on this point.

As for the insufficient eyebrows, they symbolized, as it were, a meagre and restricted life, vaguely acknowledged as the dispensation of an obscurely hostile but consistent Providence; a Providence far too awful and exalted—as well as hostile—to interest itself benignantly in so small and neutral a personality as stared back at her from the large, dim mirror of Cousin Maria Van Deuser's third-story back bedroom. Not that Miss Philura ever admitted such dubious thoughts to the select circle of her conscious reflections; more years ago than she cared to count she had grappled with her discontent, had thrust it resolutely out of sight, and on the top of it she had planted a big stone marked Resignation. Nevertheless, at times the stone heaved and trembled ominously.

At sound of a brisk tap at her chamber door the lady turned with a guilty start to find the fresh-colored, impertinent face of the French maid obtruding itself into the room.

"Ze madame waits," announced this individual, and with a coldly comprehensive eye swept the small figure from head to foot.

"Yes, yes, my dear, I am quite ready—I am coming at once!" faltered Miss Philura, with a propitiatory smile, and more than ever painfully aware that the skirt of her best black gown was irremediably short and scant, that her waist was too flat, her shoulders too sloping, her complexion faded, her forehead wrinkled, and her bonnet unbecoming.

As she stepped uncertainly down the dark, narrow stairway she rebuked herself severely for these vain and worldly thoughts. "To be a church member, in good and regular standing, and a useful member of society," she assured herself strenuously, "should be and *is* sufficient for me."

Ten minutes later, Miss Philura, looking smaller and more insignificant than usual, was seated in the carriage opposite Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser—a large, heavily upholstered lady of majestic deportment, paying diligent heed to the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of her hostess and kinswoman.

"During your short stay in Boston," that lady was remarking impressively, "you will, of course, wish to avail yourself of those means of culture and advancement so sadly lacking in your own environment. This, my dear Philura, is preeminently the era of progressive thought. We can have at best, I fear, but a faint conception of the degree to which mankind will be able, in the years of the coming century, to shake off the gross and material limitations of sense."

Mrs. Van Deuser paused to settle her sables preliminary to recognizing with an expansive smile an acquaintance who flashed by them in a victoria; after which she adjusted the diamonds in her large, pink ears, and proceeded with unctuous tranquillity. "On this occasion, my dear Philura, you will have the pleasure of listening to an address by Mrs. B. Isabelle Smart, one of our most advanced thinkers along this line. You will, I trust, be able to derive from her words aliment which will influence the entire trend of your individual experience."

"Where—in what place will the lady speak—I mean, will it be in the church?" ventured Miss Philura in a depressed whisper. She sighed apprehensively as she glanced down at the tips of her shabby gloves.

"The lecture will take place in the drawing-room of the Woman's Ontological Club," responded Mrs. Van Deuser, adding with austere sweetness of tone: "The club deals exclusively with those conceptions or principles which lie at the base of all phenomena; including being, reality, substance, time, space, motion, change, identity, difference, and cause—in a word, my dear Philura, with ultimate metaphysical philosophy." A majestic and inclusive sweep of a perfectly gloved hand suggested infinity and reduced Miss Philura into shrinking silence.

When Mrs. B. Isabelle Smart began to speak she became almost directly aware of a small, wistful face, with faded blue eyes and a shabby, unbecoming bonnet, which, surrounded as it was on all sides by tossing plumes, rich velvets and sparkling gems, with their accompaniments of full-fleshed, patrician countenances, took to itself a look of positive distinction. Mrs. Smart's theme, as announced by the President of the Ontological Club, was Thought Forces and the Infinite, a somewhat formidable-sounding subject, but one which the pale, slight, plainly dressed but singularly bright-eyed lady, put forward as the speaker of the afternoon, showed no hesitancy in attacking.

Before three minutes had passed Miss Philura Rice had forgotten that such things as shabby gloves, ill-fitting gowns, unbecoming bonnets and superfluous birthdays existed. In ten minutes more she was leaning forward in breathless attention, the faded eyes aglow, the unbecoming bonnet pushed back from a face more wistful than ever, but flushed with a joyful excitement.

"This unseen Good hems us about on every side," the speaker was saying, with a comprehensive sweep of her capable-looking hands. "It presses upon us, more limitless, more inexhaustible, more free than the air that we breathe! Out of it *every* need, *every* want, *every* yearning of humanity can be, must be, supplied. To you, who have hitherto led starved lives, hungering, longing for the good things which you believe a distant and indifferent God has denied you—to you I declare that in this encircling, ever-present, invisible, exhaustless Beneficence is already provided a lavish abundance of everything which you can possibly want or think! Nay, desire itself is but God—Good—Love, knocking at the door of your consciousness. It is impossible for you to desire anything that is not already your own! It only remains for you to bring the invisible into visibility—to take of the everlasting substance what you will!

"And how must you do this? Ask, and *believe that you have!* You have asked many times, perhaps, and have failed to receive. Why? You have failed to *believe*. Ask, then, for what you will! Ask, and at once return thanks for what you have asked! In the asking and *believing* is the thing itself made manifest. Declare that it is yours! Expect it! Believe it! Hold to it without wavering—no matter how empty your hands may seem! *It is yours*, and God's infinite creation shall lapse into nothingness; His stars shall fall from high Heaven like withered leaves sooner than that you shall fail to obtain all that you have asked!"

When, at the close of the lecture, Mrs. B. Isabelle Smart became the centre of a polite yet insistent crush of satins, velvets and broadcloths, permeated by an aroma of violets and a gentle hum of delicate flattery, she was aware of a timid hand upon her arm, and turned to look into the small, eager face under the unfashionable bonnet.

"You—you meant religious gifts, did you not?" faltered the faint, discouraged voice; "faith, hope and—and—the—the being resigned to God's will, and—and endeavoring to bear the cross with patience."

"I meant *everything* that *you* want," answered the bright-eyed one with deliberate emphasis, the bright eyes softening as they took in more completely the pinched outlines and the eager child's look shining from out the worn and faded woman's face.

"But—but there is so much! I—I never had anything that I really wanted—things, you know, that one could hardly mention in one's prayers."

"Have them now. Have them all. God is all. All is God. You are God's. God is yours!"

Then the billowing surges of silk and velvet swept the small, inquiring face into the background with the accustomed ease and relentlessness of billowing surges.

The Rev. Silas Pettibone seated himself opposite Miss Philura and regarded her attentively

Having partaken copiously of certain "material beliefs" consisting of salads and sandwiches, accompanied by divers cups of strong coffee, Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser had become pleasantly flushed and expansive. "A most unique, comprehensive and uplifting view of our spiritual environment," she remarked to Miss Philura when the two ladies found themselves on their homeward way. Her best society smile still lingered blandly about the curves and creases of her stolid, high-colored visage; the dying violets on her massive satin bosom gave forth their sweetest parting breath.

The little lady on the front seat of the carriage sat very erect; red spots glowed upon her faded cheeks. "I think," she said tremulously, "that it was just—wonderful! I—I am so very happy to have heard it. Thank you a thousand times, dear Cousin Maria, for taking me."

Mrs. Van Deuser raised her gold-rimmed glasses and settled them under arching brows, while the society smile faded quite away. "Of course," she said coldly, "one should make due and proper allowance for facts—as they exist. And also—er—consider above all what interpretation is best suited to one's individual station in life. Truth, my dear Philura, adapts itself freely to the needs of the poor and lowly as well as to the demands of those upon whom devolve the higher responsibilities of wealth and position; our dear Master Himself spoke of the poor as always with us, you will remember. A lowly but pious life, passed in humble recognition of God's chastening providence, is doubtless good and proper for many worthy persons."

Miss Philura's blue eyes flashed rebelliously for perhaps the first time in uncounted years. She made no answer. As for the long and presumably instructive homily on the duties and prerogatives of the lowly, lasting quite up to the moment when the carriage stopped before the door of Mrs. Van Deuser's residence, it fell upon ears which heard not. Indeed, her next remark was so entirely irrelevant that her august kinswoman stared in displeased amazement. "I am going to purchase some—some necessaries to morrow, Cousin Maria; I should like Fifine to go with me."

Miss Philura acknowledged to herself, with a truthfulness which she felt to be almost brazen, that her uppermost yearnings were of a wholly mundane character.

During a busy and joyous evening she endeavored to formulate these thronging desires; by bedtime she had even ventured—with the aid of a stubbed lead-pencil—to indite the most immediate and urgent of these wants as they knocked at the door of her consciousness. The list, hidden guiltily away in the depths of her shabby purse, read something as follows:

"I wish to be beautiful and admired. I want two new dresses; a hat with plumes, and a silk petticoat that rustles. I want some new kid gloves and a feather boa (a long one made of ostrich feathers). I wish ——" The small, blunt pencil had been lifted in air for the space of three minutes before it again descended; then, with cheeks that burned, Miss Philura had written the fateful words: "I wish to have a lover and to be married."

"There, I have done it!" she said to herself, her little fingers trembling with agitation. "He must already exist in the encircling Good. He is mine. I am engaged to be married at this very moment!"

To lay this singular memorandum before her Maker appeared to Miss Philura little short of sacrilegious; but the thought of the mysterious Abundance of which the seeress had spoken, urging itself, as it were, upon her acceptance, encouraged her. She arose from her evening orisons with a glowing face. "I have asked," she said aloud, "and I *believe* I shall have."

Mademoiselle Fifine passed a very enjoyable morning with Miss Philura. To choose, to purchase, and above all to transform the ugly into the beautiful, filled the French woman's breast with enthusiasm. Her glance, as it rested upon her companion's face and figure, was no longer coldly critical, but cordially appreciative. "Ze madame," she declared, showing her white teeth in a pleasant smile, "has very many advantage. *Voilà*, ze hair—*c'est admirable*, as any one may perceive! Pardon, while for one little minute I arrange! Ah—*mon dieu!* Regard ze difference!"

The two were at this moment in a certain millinery shop conducted by a discreet and agreeable compatriot of Fifine's. This individual now produced a modest hat of black, garnished with plumes, which, set lightly on the loosened bands of golden-brown hair, completed the effect "*délicieusement!*" declared the French women in chorus.

With a beating heart Miss Philura stared into the mirror at her changed reflection. "It is quite—quite true!" she said aloud. "It is all true!"

Fifine and the milliner exchanged delighted shrugs and grimaces. In truth, the small, erect figure, in its perfectly fitting gown, bore no resemblance to the plain, elderly Miss Philura of yesterday. As for the face beneath the nodding plumes, it was actually radiant—transfigured—with joy and hope.

Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser regarded the apparition which greeted her at luncheon with open disapproval. This new Miss Philura, with the prettily flushed cheeks, the bright eyes, the fluff of waving hair, and—yes, actually a knot of fragrant violets at her breast, had given her an unpleasant shock of surprise. "I am sure I hope you can *afford* all this," was her comment, with a deliberate adjustment of eyebrows and glasses calculated to add mordant point and emphasis to her words.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Philura tranquilly, but with heightened color; "I can afford whatever I like now."

Mrs. Van Deuser stared hard at her guest. She found herself actually hesitating before Philura Rice. Then she drew her massive figure to its full height, and again bent the compelling light of her gold-rimmed glasses full upon the small person of her kinswoman. "What—er—I do not understand," she began lamely. "*Where* did you obtain the money for all this?"

Miss Philura raised her eyebrows ever so little—somehow they seemed to suit the clear blue eyes admirably to-day.

"The money?" she repeated, in a tone of surprise. "Why, out of the bank, of course."

Upon the fact that she had drawn out and expended in a single morning nearly the whole of the modest sum commonly made to supply her meagre living for six months Miss Philura bestowed but a single thought. "In the all-encircling Good," she said to herself serenely, "there is plenty of money for me; why, then, should I not spend this?"

Chapter II

THE village of Innisfield was treated to a singular surprise on the Sunday morning following, when Miss Philura Rice, newly returned from her annual visit to Boston, walked down the aisle to her accustomed place in the singers' seat. Whispered comment and surmise flew from pew to pew, sandwiched irreverently between hymn, prayer and sermon. Indeed, the last-mentioned portion of the service, being of unusual length and dullness, was utilized by the female members of the congregation in making a minute inventory of the amazing changes which had taken place in the familiar figure of their townswoman.

"Philury's had money left her, I shouldn't wonder"; "Her Cousin Van Deuser's been fixin' her up"; "She's a-goin' to be married!" were some of the opinions, wholly at variance with the text of the discourse, which found their way from mouth to mouth.

Miss Electa Pratt attached herself with decision to her friend, Miss Rice, directly the service was at an end. "I'm just *dying* to hear all about it!" she exclaimed, with a fond pressure of the arm linked within her own—this after the two ladies had extricated themselves from the circle of curious and critical faces at the church door.

Miss Philura surveyed the speaker with meditative eyes; it seemed to her that Miss Pratt was curiously altered since she had seen her last.

"*Have* you had a fortune left you?" went on her inquisitor, blinking enviously at the nodding plumes which shaded Miss Philura's blue eyes. "Everybody *says* you have; and that you are going to get married soon. I'm sure you'll tell *me* everything!"

Miss Philura hesitated for a moment. "I haven't exactly had money left me," she began; then her eyes brightened. "I have all that I need," she said, and straightened her small figure confidently.

"And *are* you going to be married, dear?"

"Yes," said Miss Philura distinctly.

"Well, I *never*—Philura Rice!" almost screamed her companion. "Do tell me *when*; and *who* is it?"

"I cannot tell you that—now," said Miss Philura simply. "He is in——" She was about to add "the encircling Good," but she reflected that Miss Pratt might fail to comprehend her. "I will introduce you to him—later," she concluded with dignity.

To follow the fortunes of Miss Philura during the ensuing weeks were a pleasant though monotonous task; the encircling Good proved itself wholly adequate to the demands made upon it. Though there was little money in the worn purse, there were numerous and pressing invitations to tea, to dinner, and to spend the day, from hosts of friends who had suddenly become warm, affectionate, and cordially appreciative; and not even the new Methodist minister's wife could boast of such numerous donations, in the shape of new-laid eggs, frosted cakes, delicate biscuit, toothsome crullers and choice fruits as found their way to Miss Philura's door.

The recipient of these manifold favors walked, as it were, upon air. "For unto every one that hath shall be given," she read in the privacy of her own shabby little parlor, "and he shall have abundance."

"Everything that I want is mine!" cried the little lady, bedewing the pages of Holy Writ with happy tears. The thought of the lover and husband who, it is true, yet lingered in the invisible, brought a becoming blush to her cheek. "I shall see him soon," she reflected tranquilly. "He is mine—mine!"

DRAWN BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

—SHE WAS LEANING FORWARD IN BREATHLESS ATTENTION

At that very moment Miss Electa Pratt was seated in the awe-inspiring reception-room of Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser's residence in Beacon Street. The two ladies were engaged in earnest conversation.

"What you tell me with regard to Philura fills me with surprise and alarm," Mrs. Van Deuser was remarking with something more than her accustomed majesty of tone and mien. "Philura Rice certainly did *not* become engaged to be married during her stay in Boston. Neither has she been the recipient of funds from myself, nor, to the best of my knowledge, from any other member of the family. Personally, I have always been averse to the encouragement of extravagance and vanity in those destined by a wise Providence to pass their lives in a humble station. I fear exceedingly that Philura's visits to Boston have failed to benefit her as I wished and intended."

"But she *said* that she had money, and that she was going to get married," persisted Miss Pratt. "You don't suppose"—lowering her strident tones to a whisper—"that the poor thing is going crazy?"

Mrs. Van Deuser had concentrated her intellectual and penetrating orbs upon a certain triangular knob that garnished the handle of her visitor's umbrella; she vouchsafed no reply. When she did speak, after the lapse of some moments, it was to dismiss that worthy person with a practiced ease and adroitness which permitted of nothing further, either in the way of information or conjecture.

"Philura is, after all, a distant relative of my own," soliloquized Mrs. Van Deuser, "and *as such* is entitled to consideration."

Her subsequent cogitations presently took shape to themselves and became a letter, dispatched in the evening mail and bearing the address of the Rev. Silas Pettibone, Innisfield. Mrs. Van Deuser recalled in this missive Miss Philura's "unfortunate visit" to the Ontological Club, and the patent indications of its equally unfortunate consequences. "I should be inclined to take myself severely to task in the matter," wrote the excellent and conscientious lady, "if I had not improved the opportunity to explain at length, in the hearing of my misguided relative, the nature and scope of God's controlling providence, as signally displayed in His dealings with the humbler classes of society. As an under-shepherd of the lowly flock to which Miss Rice belongs, my dear Mr. Pettibone, I lay her spiritual state before you, and beg that you will at once endeavor to set right her erroneous views of the overruling guidance of the Supreme Being. I shall myself intercede for Philura before the Throne of Grace."

The Rev. Silas Pettibone read this remarkable communication with interest, indeed, after returning it to its envelope and bestowing it in his most inaccessible coat pocket, the under-shepherd of the lowly flock of Innisfield gave himself the task of resurrecting and reperusing the succinct yet weighty words of Mrs. Van Deuser.

If the Rev. Silas had been blessed with a wife, to whose nimbler wits he might have submitted the case, it is probable that he would not have sat for so long a time in his great chair brooding over the contents of the violet-tinted envelope from Boston. But unfortunately the good minister had been forced to lay his helpmate beneath the rough sods of the village churchyard some three years previous. Since this sad event, it is scarcely necessary to state, he had found it essential to his peace of mind to employ great discretion in his dealings with the female members of his flock. He viewed the matter in hand with vague misgivings. Strangely enough, he had not heard of Miss Philura's good fortune, and to his masculine and impartial vision there had appeared no especial change in the aspect or conduct of the little woman.

"Let me think," he mused, passing his white hand through the thick, dark locks, just touched with gray, which shaded his perplexed forehead. He was a personable man, was the Rev. Silas Pettibone. "Let me think: Miss Philura has been very regular in her attendance at church and prayer-meeting of late. No, I have observed nothing wrong—nothing blameworthy in her walk and conversation. But I cannot approve of these—ah—clubs." He again cast his eye upon the letter. "Ontology, now, is certainly not a fit subject for the consideration of the female mind."

Having delivered himself of this sapient opinion, the reverend gentleman made ready for a round of parochial visits. Foremost on his list appeared the name of Miss Philura Rice. As he stood upon the modest doorstep, shaded on either side by fragrant lilac plumes, he resolved to be particularly brief, though impressive, in his pastoral ministrations. If this especial member of his flock had wandered from the straight and narrow way into forbidden by-paths, it was his manifest duty to restore her in the spirit of meekness; but he would waste no unnecessary time or words in the process.

The sunshine, pleasantly interrupted by snowy muslin curtains, streamed in through the open windows of Miss Philura's modest parlor, kindling into scarlet flame the blossoms of a thrifty geranium which stood upon the sill, and flickered

gently on the brown head of the little mistress of the house, seated with her sewing in a favorite rocking-chair. Miss Philura was unaffectedly glad to see her pastor. She told at once that last Sunday's sermon was inspiring; that she felt sure that after hearing it the unconverted could hardly fail to be convinced of the error of their ways.

The Rev. Silas Pettibone seated himself opposite Miss Philura and regarded her attentively. The second-best new dress was undeniably becoming; the blue eyes under the childish brows beamed upon him cordially. "I am pleased to learn—ah—that you can approve the discourse of Sabbath morning," he began in somewhat labored fashion. "I have had occasion to—that is—er, my attention has been called of late to the fact that certain members of the church have—well, to put it briefly, some have fallen grievously away from the faith."

Miss Philura's sympathy and concern were at once apparent. "I do not see," she said simply, "how one can fall away from the faith. It is so beautiful to believe!"

The small, upturned face shone with so sweet and serene a light that the under-shepherd of the Innisfield flock leaned forward and fixed his earnest brown eyes on the clear blue eyes of the lady. In treatises relating to the affections this stage of the proceedings is generally conceded to mark a crisis. It marked a crisis on this occasion; during that moment the Rev. Silas Pettibone forgot at once and for all time the violet-tinted envelope in his coat-tail pocket. It was discovered six months later and consigned to oblivion by—but let us not anticipate.

"God is so kind, *so generous!*" pursued Miss Philura softly. "If we once know Him as our Father we can never again be afraid, or lonely, or poor, or lacking for any good thing. How is it possible to fall away? I do not understand. Is it not because they do not know Him?"

It is altogether likely that the pastor of the Innisfield Presbyterian Church found conditions in the spiritual taste of Miss Philura which necessitated earnest and prolonged admonition; at all events, the sun was sinking behind the western horizon when the reverend gentleman slowly and thoughtfully made his way toward the parsonage. Curiously enough, this highly respectable domicile had taken on during his absence an aspect of gloom and loneliness unpleasantly apparent. "A scarlet geranium in the window might improve it," thought the vaguely dissatisfied proprietor, as he put on his dressing-gown and thrust his feet into his newest pair of slippers. (Presented by Miss Electa Pratt "to my pastor, with grateful affection.")

"I believe I failed to draw Miss Philura's attention to the obvious relation between faith and works," cogitated the reverend Silas, as he sat before his lonely hearth, placidly scorching the soles of his new slippers before the cheerful blaze. "It will be altogether advisable, I think, to set her right on that point without delay. I will—ah—just look in again for a moment to-morrow afternoon."

"God's purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower!"

sang the choir of the Innisfield Presbyterian Church one Sunday morning a month later. And Miss Philura Rice—as was afterward remarked—sang the words with such enthusiasm and earnestness that her high soprano soared quite above all the other voices in the choir, and this despite the fact that Miss Electa Pratt was putting forth her nasal contralto with more than wonted insistence.

The last-mentioned lady found the sermon—on the text, "Little children, love one another, for love is of God"—so extremely convincing, and her own subsequent spiritual state in such an agitated condition, that she took occasion to seek a private conversation with her pastor in his study on that same Sunday afternoon.

"I don't know *when* I've been so wrought up!" declared Miss Pratt, with a preliminary display of immaculate handkerchief. "I cried *and cried* after I got home from church this morning. Ma she sez to me, sez she, 'What ails you, Lecty?' And I sez to ma, sez I, 'Ma, it was that *blessed* sermon. I don't know *when* I ever heard anything like it! That dear pastor of ours is just ripening for a better world!'" Miss Electa paused a moment to shed copious tears over this statement. "It does seem to me, *dear* Mr. Pettibone," she resumed, with a tender glance and a comprehensive sniff, "that you ain't looking as well as usual. I said so to Philura Rice as we was coming out of church, and I really hate to tell you how she answered me; only I feel as though it was my duty. 'Mr. Pettibone is perfectly well!' she says, and tossed those feathers of hers higher'n ever. Philura's awful worldly, I *do grieve* to say—*if not worse*. I've been a-thinking for some time that it was my Christian duty (however painful) to tell you what Mis' Van Deuser, of Boston, said about——"

The Rev. Silas Pettibone frowned with awful dignity. He brought down his closed fist upon his open Bible with forensic force and suddenness. "Miss Philura Rice," he said emphatically, "is one of the most spiritual—the most lovely and consistent—Christian characters it has ever been my privilege to know. Her faith and unworldliness are absolutely beyond the comprehension of—of—many of my flock. I must further tell you that I hope to have the great happiness of leading Miss Rice to the matrimonial altar in the near future."

Miss Electa Pratt sank back in her chair petrified with astonishment. "Well, I *must say!*" she gasped. "And she was engaged to you *all this time* and I never knew it!"

The Rev. Pettibone bent his eyes coldly upon his agitated parishioner. "I am at a loss to comprehend your very strange comment, Miss Pratt," he said; "the engagement has been of such very short duration that I cannot regard it as surprising that you should not have heard of it. It—ah—took place only yesterday."

Miss Electa straightened her angular shoulders with a jerk. "Yesterday!" she almost screamed. "Well! I can tell *you* that Philura Rice told *me* that she was engaged to be married more than three months ago!"

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," began the minister, in a somewhat perturbed tone, which did not escape the notice of the now flushed and triumphant spinster.

"More than three months ago!" she repeated with incisive emphasis. "*Now* maybe you'll listen to me while I tell you what I know about Philura Rice!"

But the lady had reckoned without her host. The Rev. Silas arose to his feet with decision. "I certainly will *not* listen to anything derogatory to Miss Rice," he said sternly. "She is my promised wife, you will remember." With that the prudent minister beat a hasty retreat, to entrench himself without apology or delay in the inner fastnesses of the parsonage.

Miss Electa rolled her greenish orbs about the chamber of learning with a thoughtful smile. "If Philura Rice ain't crazy," she said aloud; "an' I guess she ain't far from it. She's told a wicked lie! In either case, it's my Christian duty to see this thing put a stop to!"

That evening after service Miss Philura, her modest cheeks dyed with painful blushes, confessed to her promised husband that she had indeed announced her intentions of matrimony some three months previous. "I wanted somebody to—to love me," she faltered; "somebody in particular, you know; and—and I asked God to give me—a—a husband. After I had asked, of course I *believed* that *I had*. He—he was already in the encircling Good, you know, or I should not have wanted him! When Electa asked me point blank, what could I say without—without denying—*God?*"

The brave voice faltered more than once during this recital; and finally broke down altogether when the Rev. Silas Pettibone, his brown eyes shining, exclaimed in joyful yet solemn tones, "And God sent me!"

The encircling Good was perfectly manifest at that moment in the shape of two strong arms. Miss Philura rested in them and was glad.

Letters from Bill Nye & *With* some Anecdotes

By Major James B. Pond

MAJOR JAMES B. POND

IN A LETTER written from The World office to me, in California, in June, 1888, Mr. Nye says that "It is funny that a little cuss like you should make such a cavity in New York when away from it." Telling of his remarkable success on The World and the increased payment given for the funny weekly paper he furnished, he added that "J. Pulitzer pressed me to go to Europe on Saturday with him, and said we would practically own the steamer, which is true, as he draws $2000 a day from The World and is really out of the reach of want, but I was afraid he would not like me as a traveling companion, and so remained at home. . . . More money here just now. . . . Saturday, the Authors' Club and self go up to Cornwall-on-the-Hudson to 'Miss' E. P. Roe, who writes pieces for the papers."

In a letter from Staten Island, where he was residing, he rather plaintively tells how the house was struck by lightning. From Minneapolis he merrily tells of umpiring a baseball match.

Under date of September 28, 1888, he writes a letter headed "In Hospital," closing thus: "Yours with a heart full of gratitude and a system full of drugs, paints, oil, turpentine, glass, putty, and everything usually kept in a first-class drug store. BILL NYE."

"P. S.—Open all night."

From Buffalo, without other date than Friday, 1889, he writes: "Considering the fact that I have written to you so seldom, you have been real kind to write right on. 'God bless you,' as the fellers says, 'for your kind but wabbly heart.' We are at the Iroquois, because it is 'absolutely fireproof.' We noticed that in Lynn and Boston the absolutely fireproof buildings were a little hotter while burning, and so we have chosen one for winter use whenever we could."

One of his letters was written at a railroad junction in Minnesota where he was waiting for the next through train to La Crosse, and had "only twenty-three and one-half hours to wait." The railroads were then running in the interest of the "Hotel and Eating-House," and made it a rule to avoid connections as much as possible.

THE HOSPITALITIES OF THE FIFTH AVENUE

"*My Dear Pond:* I am writing this at an imitation hotel where the roads fork. I will call it the Fifth Avenue Hotel, because the hotel at a railroad junction is generally called the Fifth Avenue, or the Gem City House, or the Palace Hotel. Just as the fond parent of a white-eyed, two-legged freak of Nature loves to name his mentally diluted son Napoleon, and for the same reason that a prominent horse owner in Illinois last year socked my name on a tall, buckskin-colored colt that did not resemble me, intellectually or physically—a colt that did not know enough to go around a barbed-wire fence, but sought to sift himself through it into an untimely grave; so this man has named his sway-backed wigwam the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"It is different from your Fifth Avenue in many ways. In the first place, there is not so much travel and business in its neighborhood. As I said before, this is where two railroads fork. In fact, it is the leading industry here. The growth of the town is naturally slow, but it is a healthy growth. There is nothing in the nature of dangerous or wild-cat speculation in the advancement of this place, and while there has been no noticeable or rapid advance in the principal business here, there has been no falling off at all, and the roads are forking as much to-day as they did before the war, while the same three men who were present for the first glad moment are still here to witness the operation.

"Sometimes a train is derailed, as the papers call it, and two or three people have to remain over, as we did, all night. (Luckily this happens to be an 'open date' for our combine.) It is at such a time the Fifth Avenue Hotel is the scene of great excitement. A large codfish, with a broad and sunny smile and his bosom full of rock salt, is tied in the creek to freshen and fit himself for the responsible position of floor manager of the codfish ball. A pale chambermaid, wearing a black jersey with large pores in it through which she is gently percolating, now goes joyously up the stairs to make the little post-office lock-box rooms look ten times worse than they ever did before. She warbles a low refrain as she nimbly knocks loose the venerable dust of centuries and sets it afloat throughout the rooms. All is bustle about the house. Especially the chambermaid. We are put up in the guest's chamber here. It has two atrophied beds made up of pains and counterpanes. The light, joyous feeling which this remark may convey is wholly assumed on my part.

"The door of our room is full of holes where locks have been wrenched off in order to let the coroner in. Last night I could imagine that I was in the act of meeting, personally, the famous people who have tried to sleep here, and who moaned through the night, and who died while waiting for the dawn.

"This afternoon we pay our bills, as is our usual custom, and tear ourselves away from the Fifth Avenue Hotel. We leave at 2.30. Hoping the roads may continue to fork just the same as though we had remained, and that this will find you enjoying yourself, I am,

"Yours truly, EDGAR WILSON NYE."

On the back of one of his letters was a peculiarly drawn sketch of an elongated hand and an extended index finger. Below was a burlesque advertisement of a certain "Postmaster-General and dealer in gents' fine underwear," and a variety of funny articles. He adds, "This space reserved at reasonable rates," and then, as I was still in England, asks me to give his regards to Stanley, with a funny addenda in messages also to "Victoria and P. Wales."

BILL NYE'S TERRIBLE SCRAPBOOK

I find a visiting-card left in my office about this period on the back of which Mr. Nye had written: "10 P. M.—It is now too late to make more than three or four dollars at poker before quitting-time, so I will go home. BILL."

It must be said here that Nye was not a card-player, and this was only one of many references to things he never did.

A letter from Arden, North Carolina (the town where he died), was dated "Sabbath Morning, Just After Prayers."

"I used to keep a scrapbook in which I glued the little printed statements about my having called and subscribed for the paper, or to the effect that I had just laid a porcelain egg on the editor's table, measuring nine inches in circumference, but the book warped and the glue in it turned sour, so that when I used to give it to my guests to read while I went upstairs to dress I noticed that they frequently opened

the window and sometimes went out for more air, strolling so far away from the house that they never got back. So I don't keep a scrapbook any more."

Referring to his new play, The Cadi, he wrote:

"The prospects are fine. What the Vampire Press will say no one knows, but Robson, Jefferson, among 'em, are hopeful and tickled. Let me know if you can come to the show so I can 'avoid the rush.'"

Nye's friendships were steadfast. He wrote once, after John Cockerill retired from the New York World: "The paper has wired me to 'reconsider.' But I would rather stick by Cockerill under all circumstances, as he has been my staunch friend always, and now I'm his'n."

In 1892, Bill Nye was lecturing, and, as usual, quite successfully, when he wrote me from Chicago. At that time our business relations had ended, and he was under other management when he wrote: "Everything is unsettled except my salary, which is paid every twenty-four hours."

Of a former experience he remarks: "I'd have done better to put in that spring cultivating colts. However, it is none of my business this time. The ghost walks every night." Again during this tour he says: "I would enjoy your letters more if you would not refer to Chautauqua. I have always refused to lecture in the stockades. I've got a trunk full of their letters now asking me to speak a few words in absolute confidence to the United States in Foley's Grove, but I will not. I am saving my voice to cool my hot Scotches next winter." He adds: "We had a long visit with Riley last week. We had some old-fashioned fun, and I descended for the day to the realms of Poesy, where they chew 'star' tobacco. Poesy is indeed a strange gift."

In another letter he apologized for the smallness of the paper by saying:

"This paper belongs to Mrs. Nye, and the envelope belongs to a man who wanted an autograph. So, you see, I am getting economical. It has a stamp."

Here is a letter which he illustrated in a humorous fashion:

"ARDEN, N. C., May 23, 1895.

"*My Dear Junius Brutus Pond:* There's no use talking, with all your faults I enjoy the sight of your wild, unlicensed penmanship. 'Another season of pleasure and amusement stares us in the face,' as you so truly, so succinctly and so merrily say! Oh, it is fun to be merry all the time at so much per pop, is it not? Merrily yours,

"LITTLE BILLIE NYE.

"P. S.—We have just merrily passed through diphtheria, but all is serene again."

MARK TWAIN'S FATAL GIFT OF HUMOR

In another letter of a near-by date he wrote: "Tell Mark Twain that if he had not possessed the fatal gift of humor he might now be President of the United States, and if I could have had my way he should have been, anyway.

"Mr. Depew told me that Garfield admitted to him many years ago that he (Garfield) was naturally a humorist, but had smothered the low, coarse impulse to be amusing in order that he might forward his political ambitions. And what was the result? He went down to his grave full of laudable puns, but Mark Twain will live forever in the glad hearts of a billion people, and with all due respect to Max O'Rell, who, on rather small capital, has realized under your able management many a good American dollar, I am glad that the sage of Hartford spoke up to him.

"Foreigners who come here and buy large fur overcoats and live on lobster *à la* Newburg for the first time should not go home and speak lightly of our morals, either in France or England."

A characteristic letter came to me from Buck Shoals, Arden, North Carolina, under date of July 4, 1894:

"*Dear Jamesie:* Your note of the 28th of June struck my thirsty soul like a drop of dew on the back of a somewhat feverish, warty toad, and so now on this our country's glorious natal day I take pen in hand to acknowledge receipt of same.

"If ever a feller had his heartstrings strained to their utmost limit for eight consecutive weeks, I have

"Mrs. Nye was for some days halting between life and death, and lost her big baby boy after all; then Bess came home from school with fever, and both she and her mother are barely out of the woods now.

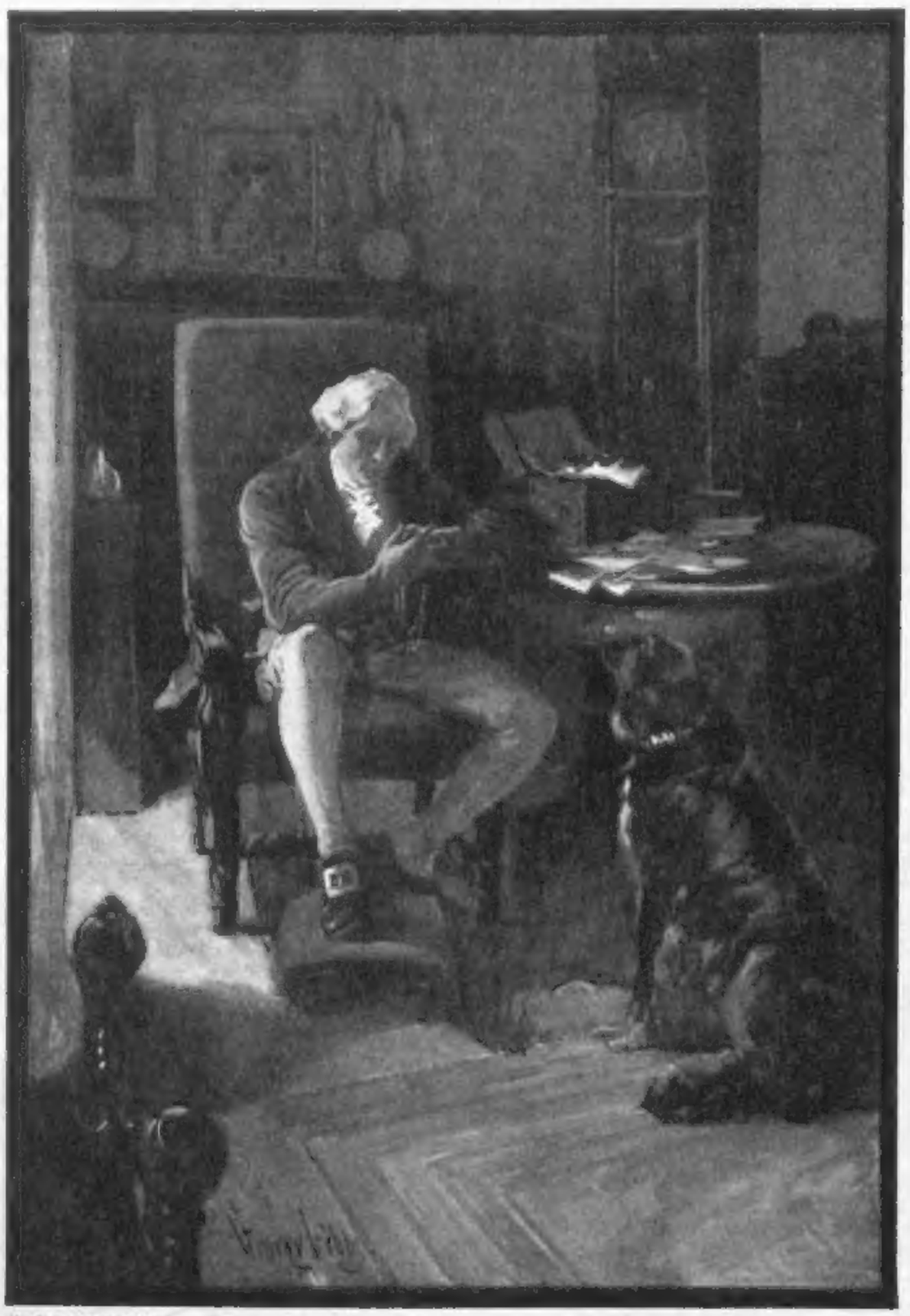
"In the midst of it all our house caught fire one fine night when I had gone to bed more dead than alive, but we cut open the wall and got at it with our amateur fire brigade before the whole structure had begun to blaze.

"However, all is well now, and both the invalids will recover fully, directly. The insurance company paid up promptly, and once more I breathe a full, delicious breath of 'this justly celebrated climate.'

"I did not write anything so all-fired mirthful during those weeks, but got through somehow, having five weeks ahead on the Sunday-letter job. I'm real tickled to know that you like the History, and you will be glad to know that she has an ever-increasing sale, one book seeming to call for another, as Uncle Sydney would put it. I shall look forward with joy to your 4th coming book, for I feel no little pride in my autograph collection of Hoosier poetry.

"Poor old Burbank [at one time Mr. Nye's manager], I was about to say, but why should I say that when he is taking a grand old rest after a rather thorny trip? There never lived a more unselfish gentleman than he. He was not brilliant as an originator, perhaps, but he honestly admitted it, and used to the utmost and best all the powers that God gave him. There are mighty few comrades who can go through dark alleys and dangerous stage entrances that are kept locked against the lecturer and only open to the call of the felonious loafer who comes to shift your scenery—only a few comrades, I say, who can go through frosty towns and bitter weather cheerily, as he did—noble old man. And there's no such test on earth to try a feller's mettle, is there? I think it's a good idea to reform and abandon such a life before the hearse is actually at the door waiting for one. I am cheerily preparing to say farewell to these triumphal tours which wreck both soul and body at so much a pair. But I must close and relight my punk. Good-by, old man, and 'take keer o' yourself.' Write to me whenever you are tempted to disobey your physician and I will promptly respond. Yours ever,

BILL."



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

AN OLD SONG

By Richard Burton

THERE'S a ballad of quaint love-longing
That often I yearn to hear,
For it sets the memories thronging
And wakens a by-gone year.

The words were but simple and pretty,
With a tender final fall,
Yet I swear that this old-time ditty
Still holds my heart in thrall.

It was sung by a girl whose fashion
Can never grow stale nor old;
But she and her young soul's passion
Lie quiet in graveyard mould.

It was not the music, I fancy,
Nor the story—but just the way
She sang, and the necromancy
Wrought by a dear, dead day.

At times they will play it to me
Now—but my heart sinks low;
It isn't the same that drew me
There in the long ago.

I miss the meaning; 'tis broken—
The spell of singer and song;
I sigh for a vanished token,
For a magic of yore I long.

For the place where the voice would waver
And a sob rise up in the throat,
For the little pathetic quaver
That wasn't on any note!

BRONSON HOWARD AS AN EDITOR

"YOU probably do not recollect how the New York Mail, now a part of the Mail and Express, was started," said Bronson Howard the other day. "It appeared on the street twenty-five hours after its origin was planned. It came about this way: Charles H. Sweetzer and a Mr. Ahearn owned the Evening Gazette. I was on the staff. One day the partners quarreled, and Sweetzer sold out to Ahearn. It was on Friday, about eleven o'clock in the morning. Sweetzer came into our room and said:

"'I have sold the Gazette to Ahearn, and I'm going to start another afternoon paper and it will come out to-morrow.'

"'I'll go with you,' I replied, 'but I can't begin until next week. I've got to resign first, though I don't know why I should; I never knew a newspaper owner to give a man any time when he wanted his resignation; but I'll resign anyhow to take effect to-morrow, and I'll be with you on Monday.'

"'All right,' said Sweetzer. 'Now think up a name for the new paper.'

"After studying for a few minutes for the name and not hitting upon the right one, I wrote my resignation and sent it in to Mr. Ahearn; then I took up my day's work where it had been interrupted. A few minutes later Ahearn came into the room.

"'Mr. Howard,' he said, 'you have resigned from the staff of the Gazette?'

"'Yes, sir,' I replied.

"'Your resignation is to take place to-morrow. Well, you need not wait until to-morrow. I accept your resignation, to take effect immediately.'

"'All right, sir,' I answered, and I laid aside the unfinished paragraph I had been writing and immediately began another paragraph to appear in the first issue of the new paper. It was called the Mail, and it started out with a circulation of five thousand copies.

"After the old New York Mail had been running for some time," went on the playwright, "Mr. Sweetzer went up into Michigan to deliver an address, leaving me in charge with only one assistant. We got out the whole paper alone. One day the assistant came up to me and said:

"'Howard, I'm going to leave you. I'm going to quit right now. Here's my resignation, to take effect immediately.'

"'All right,' said I, 'you can quit.'

"Then I went out and telegraphed Mr. Sweetzer to come back. I didn't mind doing half the work, but to get out a New York paper on time, and alone, was more than I could do.

"Have you ever realized," continued Mr. Howard, "the value of the proper manner in case of an emergency? When there is nothing to be done it is always wise to do nothing and say nothing. When I received my assistant's resignation I looked at him with the blankness of despair. There was no other way to look, but it carried me through the crisis. Half an hour later he came back to me and said that he had changed his mind and thought he would see me through till Monday anyhow. He then decided that he would stay until Mr. Sweetzer got back, and he did stay until a long time afterward. One day he said to me:

"'Do you know why I didn't leave you when Sweetzer was up in Michigan?'

"'Why?'

"'I had a grudge against Sweetzer, and I saw a chance to put him in a hole; but when I turned in my resignation you looked as if you didn't care whether it came or not, and were perfectly prepared to get along without me, so I made up my mind that I had made a mistake, and decided to stay.'"

The Stolen President

By W. A. Fraser

JOHN RAY was President of the United States. Everybody knew that, so there is not much profit in the assertion.

President Ray was going on a little tour through the Western States—that nobody knew, not a soul—at least, that was the supposition. In point of fact—let us see—the President knew; John Shutliff, Secretary of War, knew; the Secretary's pet daughter, "Matt," knew; and, incidentally, Frank Rutherford, the big, handsome chap who was Manager of the Wisconsin & Minneapolis Railroad.

Young Rutherford reasoned that if he could only keep George Black, manager of the rival line, from finding out that the President was going West, he could probably lobby to have the great man go over their line, the W. & M. So, you see, this State secret was gradually assuming the proportions of a joint stock company. There never was such a chance for complications—never such an innocent little seed of discord.

Shutliff was ambitious—terribly so; Rutherford was poor—horribly poor, according to Shutliff. "Matt" Shutliff, the daughter, was the keynote in one of those peculiar combinations that exist oftener in real life than in novels. She loved Rutherford; a good, square, honest, no-nonsense sort of love she had for the big, shrewd, handsome man who worked like a horse over his railroad, and talked good sense to her, and was as gentle as a kitten at just the times when a big man should be gentle. But, as I have said, the father was terribly ambitious, and the ordinary manager of a railroad was simply not in the running.

If this had been the limit of the complexity, in all probability nothing extraordinary would have happened. A proposition of that sort is usually settled by the father taking a grip on things with an iron hand, or the daughter snapping her fingers at the parental authority, and yielding obedience to a younger man. But in this case Shutliff contemplated as a desirable son-in-law the son of a Cabinet Minister. Now, the Cabinet Minister was President of the K. & D. Railroad, the very opposition line that Rutherford felt like scoring over. Oh, but it was a merry mix-up! Even to remember the thing is trying. So the secret was being fairly well guarded—in fact, it had rather a strong bodyguard.

Rutherford was a man who did nothing by halves—he did everything in a big way. He went to work stealthily enough, but also strongly, and in a few days he felt modestly sure that he would get the Presidential party over his line on the run to Minneapolis. He consulted with the President of his road, and the result was he was authorized to spend $10,000. Quietly and secretly all plans were matured.

Of course a special train was arranged for. They would take on the President at Savan at five o'clock on the evening of the eighteenth, and land him in Minneapolis at six next morning. The track would be cleared from one end to the other, and the switches spiked; switchmen, guards, everybody doubled up to insure safety. Oh, but he would give them a run over the line that would be the talk of the land!

The dinner would be a banquet. Krinks, the Delmonico of Chicago, was given *carte blanche;* he was to spread himself over that dinner. He was to furnish twelve waiters.

Why the Manager hit upon twelve waiters he could hardly say himself; simply it seemed a goodly way of ordering waiters—a *dozen* of the best.

With Rutherford it was purely a matter of business for his line—a paying advertisement. The only little departure from this controlling motive, the only little pleasure he afforded himself in the whole thing, was the inviting of his friend, Tom Hoskins, on from New York to take part in the procession. Tom had been his boyhood friend; they had eaten from the same apple, bite about; now Tom should sit at this banquet his honored guest—should share the triumph of his life.

The young Manager elaborated his plans with feverish intentness. The preparations had been made in such a manner that no one but Tom knew for what King the celebration had been made ready. But the secret, true to its class, was leaking out, you see, for Tom now knew, also.

On the eighteenth Tom came on and joined Rutherford at Savan. Everything was in readiness; the gilded cars were arrayed in brocade and velvet; Krinks and his merry men, the dozen best, had loaded the commissariat with everything grown in the open, in hothouses, or wherever else delicacies are matured. Nothing that Krinks' many years of experience could suggest had been left for other reckless buyers to carry off. Rutherford felt that the West in general and his own darling road in particular were on probation.

The big hundred-ton engine with six-foot drivers puffed restlessly as its copper throat gulped down the water with spasmodic gasps—the water that would scorch through the huge cylinders in blue, smokelike steam as they rushed a mile a minute out into the darkness of the prairied West. Mile on mile of clear track and spiked switches should give them a run such as had never been known in that leisure-creeping land.

"I've beaten the log-rollers out," Rutherford confided to Tom, as they walked restlessly up and down the platform beside the special. "The President will be here in an hour, and the first thing 'Butter-Scotch' Black, of the K. & D., knows, we'll be whirling the father of this land over our line faster than he's ever been toted before."

Savan was a union station for the two lines, and Rutherford was standing in the door of the K. & D. telegraph office carelessly looking about when a sound came to his trained ear that arrested his attention. One time he had been a telegraph operator himself, and the beelike music of the clicking instruments was pleasant melody to his active mind.

Suddenly he stopped and leaned his big, dome-shaped head forward, listening intently. Over in a corner, beyond at least twenty instruments, one tiny sounder had tapped off the Morse letters of his name. He spelled it out as the deft fingers, miles away on the line, ticked it off. There was more coming. It took a mighty effort of concentration to smother the noise of the intervening wire-babblers and catch what was being hurried through in that particular corner.

"Rutherford and his special got left this time. The President has just joined our line at Oaktown," the little instrument clicked glibly to the big man standing with his weight carried far forward over the square-toed boots in an intent, listening attitude.

The well-kept secret was leaking, leaking; all the elaborate plans were falling to pieces like frail glass vessels in bitter frost. His whole soul had been thrown into this thing he was to do for his railroad—the railroad he strove for, and slaved for, and cherished as a babe.

It was only advertising he was after, to be sure; but there was poetry in the way he loved the work that had been given into his hands to do. And now some bit of treachery had tumbled the card-house about his ears.

Matt had given him the information of the President's trip to help him with his road; and now he had muddled it. "She'll think me a proper garden goat," he muttered disconsolately. "They've beaten me out, and I had first call on it." Tom, waiting so patiently outside for the triumph that was not to come, would see only his chagrin—his bitter disappointment. And Matt: he stopped at that—put it away from him.

Men who get to be managers of railways usually have sand, plenty of it; so he smiled bitterly to himself as he thought of the locked switches, turned hard and fast against everything but the train for which he now had no guest but Tom. By Jove! he'd take Tom through in style, anyway.

Then the babbling instrument over in the corner took up the tale it had been carrying, and which had been broken for a minute by somebody cutting in on the line:

"Rutherford will get a hot box over it; but we've got the President, and we'll keep him. Our special will reach Marshall at 9:15."

"Yes, you've got him, I guess," he said, scratching his head nervously; "but I'll not get a hot box over it.

"Come on, Tom; time's up!" he sang out cheerily to his friend as he swung out on to the platform. "I'll give you the run of your life to-night."

"Where's the—where's the——?" began Tom perplexedly, looking about.

"Inside; get aboard!" ejaculated the Manager hurriedly. "Let her go!" he cried to the conductor.

The little lantern cut a green circle in the air; the big engine coughed huskily once or twice to clear its throat; the wheels gripped the rail—slipped once in their eagerness, bringing up three reproachful gasps from the black mouth of the smokestack—and then the tight-coupled vestibule was pulled swiftly out of the glass-arched station.

"Where's the——?" began Tom again.

"Not coming—other fellows stole him!" answered the Manager carelessly. "I've got to make the run to open up these —— spiked switches. The whole blessed system's tied up from Savan to Minneapolis. At every station the loyal residents will be waiting for our advent; for the last fool thing I did before I got that shock was to wire along the line to each station-master to have a big accidental crowd on hand to cheer the President of this great Republic. That was a clever stroke, wasn't it, Tom?"

"Yes," said Tom, trying to look appreciative, but only managing to look extremely lugubrious.

"Yes, it was great diplomacy; and I'm beginning to think I'd make a fine diplomatic idiot. I've got a big audience and no show. Do you think you can eat half of a $5000 dinner?"

"I'm not hungry," answered Tom despairingly. "What you've said has taken my appetite away."

"Well, we'll have this banquet; and, incidentally, we'll run into Minneapolis an hour ahead of these fellows, although they've started, just to show them that we've got the best line in the West yet. They're running their special by the Southern Division, and will run into Marshall fifteen minutes ahead of us; but we'll pass them before we get to Minneapolis."

Then the Manager took Krinks to one side and instructed him in the art of manipulating twelve waiters so that they could wait on two men with proper decorum.

Tom's eyes opened wide when the first course was served. One waiter brought a plate, another the oysters, another a lemon, another a knife and fork, and so on—the twelve in solemn procession, each carrying something.

The utter absurdity of the performance upset Tom's gravity. He laughed nervously at first, like a schoolboy who's just been fished from a pond. Rutherford laughed at the struggle in his friend's face. A ripple of laughter passed down the line of twelve waiters—they couldn't help it. It was a picnic. The "hot box" did not materialize. Evidently all the journals of the Manager's mind were running cool and smooth. There was nothing to indicate that he was cursing the intrigue of his rival, George Black; but he was—softly, inwardly, and to himself. What an ass he had made of himself. That *coup d'état* message of his to all the station-masters—what a farce it was! The crowds and the special, but no President. It was like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

When they swung into Evanstown, six minutes ahead of their schedule time, the people thronged about the car. Rutherford had almost forgotten them. All at once it struck him that there would be a world of stupid excuses to make.

"Quick, Tom!" he gasped; "you've got a plug hat. Put it on and stand out on the rear platform and make a bow—say something to the people, for Heaven's sake! Anything you like. I'll get the conductor, and pull out of here as soon as we can. I forgot about the crowds I wired for."

The tall hat was a happy play. Not one man in Evanstown had ever seen the President. Tom was big, and his clean-shaven face had a diplomatic look about it that appealed to the people; but, after all, it was the plug hat that did the business. Nobody in Evanstown wore a plug hat; it was a thing associated with grandeur—Presidential grandeur, in this case—and it went.

For a couple of minutes Tom was stammering and muttering: "Pleasure to meet the citizens—great Republic—the Golden West—the kindness chokes the utterances of my heart," punctuated by the popping on and off of the plug hat.

Whenever he lost the power of utterance in the confusion of the novel situation he had recourse to the tile. He'd take it off gracefully, and saw it energetically back and forth through the air in front of his face; the people cheered, and one husky farmer climbed up on the steps in spite of guard bar and guard chain, and nearly tore the hat to pieces in his eagerness to shake hands with the President. Handkerchiefs waved, hats were thrown in the air, and a mighty, roaring yell of farewell went up as President Tom slipped away from them on the rear end of the starting special.

"God bless you, my children!" a voice sounded over Tom's shoulder. It was Rutherford. "Come and finish the banquet, Mr. President," he said as Tom faced about. "You may keep your hat on, too."

Then the twelve solemn men—that is, the twelve men who were trying to be solemn against heavy odds—took up the burden of the transport service again, and President Tom and Manager Rutherford proceeded with the feast. The plug hat was handed gingerly over to Porter Jack. It had assumed tremendous importance in their eyes; it was their one arm of defense against utter annihilation from a disappointed people. With the silk hat, Rutherford felt they would be able to offset one of the greatest of his humiliations. Three times before they had finished their epicurean dinner Tom was called on to don his imperial tile and take possession of the rear platform.

Matt had given him the information of the President's trip to help him with his road

At Cookstown, what threatened to be a catastrophe turned into a complete triumph. Somebody who had once seen the President somewhere sang out: "You old fraud! That's not the President." Rutherford, who was just behind Tom, put the brake of ready wit quick, hard down. "Will some gentleman quell that turbulent Englishman, so that the President may be allowed to speak?" he asked blandly.

In a second loyally eager hands had grasped the temporary Britisher by the throat and choked him until he was black in the face. To deny that he was British or anything else was quite out of the question, for he was most emphatically throttled.

"That was a close shave," gasped the Manager, as they sat down again. "You'll have to make more use of the hat—keep it more in front of your face."

Porter Jack was uneasy during the progress of his master's banquet. He couldn't make it out; evidently Mr. Tom wasn't really a great man, because he had no secretary nor anybody with him. Why his master had wanted this elaborate dinner and twelve waiters he couldn't understand.

As soon as he got a chance at Tom, with his master in the other end of the car, he began: "Me and Mr. Rutherford, us fixes up anybody dat comes dis way ourselves. Even de time a frien' ob ours, Gen'ral McNeil, that was killed in Egyp', come t'rough here on dis same cah I cooked foh him, an' he said dat me an' Mr. Rutherford made him moah comf'table den he'd eber trabeled befoah. Golly! dat so."

The Manager was sitting at the end of the table with an amused smile hovering about his strong mouth, listening to Jack's excited monologue. Jack was always a fund of unconscious humor, and to-night anything that killed the hours of realized disappointment was welcome.

Suddenly there was a crash, a bang, and Jack leaped in the air and fell in a broken heap in his master's lap. His swaying back had touched the spring of the window blind, and it had gone up with a crash that made him think an assegai had been driven home through his backbone.

"Golly, sah! I t'ought dey'd got me," he said, as his master spilled him off on the floor. Jack picked himself up, and into the eyes that had been wide open with fear crept a deprecating humility as the two white men laughed as they had in the old days of the single apple.

Mile on mile the train had galloped, while the platform speeches, the twelve-waitered banquet and Jack's tale of carnage had carried the time on many hours.

"The engineer's making her hum," said Rutherford, leisurely pulling out his watch, as the car swayed drunkenly from side to side in its eager rush.

"Nine o'clock. The K. & D. special will make Marshall at 9:15; they'll only stop a few minutes, so we'll be too late to see the Presidential party there. Did you ever see the President of the United States, Tom?"

The porter had been dusting a coat while his master was speaking. At the mention of the President the coat slipped from his hands and he came forward stealthily toward the speaker, with the old look of horror back in his eyes.

"Wha—wha—you say, sah?"

"What's the matter, Jack? Frightened? Mind the blind." But the porter did not hear.

"Wha—you say, sah? De Pres'dent at Marshall on de K. & D.?"

"I guess so, Jack; unless they've struck a wash-out, he'll be there at 9:15."

The porter staggered back against the wall, his weak tongue beating idly against his teeth. The thing that was working in his mind was too great a problem for immediate crystallization. Nebulous bits of incoherent data were clustering in his suddenly startled intelligence. The two men watched him curiously. Tom had a suspicion that the shock of the flying blind had unhinged the emotional darky.

Tremblingly Jack leaned forward, putting both hands on the table to steady himself. His voice was thick and jerky, and the story he told was broken and disjointed. The night before he had been in a place where there was more drink than prayer. He had heard broken bits of conversation between three men. It was about the President—a special—9:15 at Marshall; and other odds and ends that glued together made a mosaic of iniquity that Rutherford saw like a landscape suddenly illumed by lightning. The always slow brain of the darky, more or less muddled by liquor, had failed to work out the problem; but in five seconds his master knew and acted.

Springing to his feet, he pulled with a long sweep the slim line in the ceiling of the car. A tiny, birdlike whistle in the cab of the engine sighed its warning note. The left hand of the engineer, that had rested all through that fast run on the short brass handle of the air-valve, pushed it swiftly around to the emergency notch; the other hand threw over the lever closing the steam throttle-valve; the air hissed and screeched as it escaped from the brakes; the clamping wheels grabbed at the polished rail, and the special banked up against itself, as though it had struck into the side of a forest.

"Quick, lend a hand!" cried Rutherford, as Tom picked himself from the floor; "bring that 'relay box' in the corner—I'm going to cut the wire."

When the conductor ran back he saw his Manager strapping on a pair of climbers, and in sixty seconds he had gone up the post and cut the wire.

Then the "relay" was connected, and he was calling "W-G—W-G—W-G——" That was the call for the operator at Marshall. He shoved the button over; the instrument burred, clicked, and then silenced. "Got him—thank God!" Rutherford ejaculated.

Back went the button; the finger and thumb vibrated with trained rapidity; "tick-tickety-tick-tick, tickety-tick-tick-tickety-tick-tick"—sweet music to the straining ears.

Then the button went over again, and the message came back, repeated; "W-G," at Marshall, had got it right: "Stop the K. & D. special, with President on, at Marshall. Track torn up nine miles west."

Rutherford heaved a sigh of relief. "Good boy, Jack," he said to the frightened porter. "If we've stopped them the President will owe his life to you, I guess. We'll patch up this wire and move on now; they'll be waiting for us at Marshall, I suppose. Hello, Mr. President! Where's your plug?" he exclaimed; for Tom was standing bareheaded. His friend smiled vacantly.

Again the little green-capped lantern swung in the air; again the iron horse tugged eagerly at the linked traces; s-w-i-s-h, clack! s-w-i-s-h, clack! over the long, smoothly connected rails, clackety-clack! clackety-clack! over the spiked switches; dust-pelted and speed-swayed, the special fought against the lost time at the wire-cutting. "Drive her! drive her!" he said to the conductor. "Here—wait! I'll give the order myself."

"WE ALL THANK YOU, MR. RUTHERFORD"

He went through the train and over the tender. "How fast can you send her, Bill?" he said to the stout man in blue jeans sitting humped up on a shelf seat between the boiler and right side of the cab.

"As fast as you can ride, sir," and the right hand pulled out the long steel throttle-lever and the little spring-handle clamped it at the wide-open.

Rutherford looked at the steam gauge; the vibrating finger trembled at 180 pounds. "Keep her there, Jack. Fire up! Shove the coal to her! Drive her, Bill! drive her! What engine have you got, Bill?"

"The old 'Gunboat.' She'll stand it."

"Well, drive her faster than she's ever gone before. Make her get up on her hind legs and howl!"

Faster, faster the swish-click came; the wind panted and gasped as it swirled in the half-open glass door in front of the fireman's seat on which sat Rutherford. It caught up the sharp, barbed cylinder-dust that lay thick on the cab floor and drove it into his eyes and his ears and his nostrils, until he could hardly breathe. He watched the thin, spectral black hand on the steam gauge—it had trembled two points higher—182 pounds. He nodded encouragingly at Jack, who was incessantly swinging open and shut the furnace door as each shovelful of coal popped in.

At the Red Mule Curve the "Gunboat" swung over until her bell clanged warningly. The left hand of the driver moved a shade on the brass handle; the air gave a little serpent hiss; brakes clutched soothingly at the wheels, and the "Gunboat" settled back out of the curve to a straight-away of ten miles.

"Keep it up, boys," Rutherford shouted hoarsely. "I'll go back now. We're moving," he said to Tom when he got back into the car. "How do you like it?"

"I'm all right," answered his friend. "It's great! When do we strike Mars—we've left the earth, haven't we? Jack's having a time there in the pantry with the crockery, though. He's using worse language than them A-rabs did when they came at the General."

"I'll catch that President yet, Tom; then you'll be out of a job—see? I'll buy that hat from you."

"Who's with the President, Rut? Any ladies?"

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing; only the President and political chaps don't go in much for violets and delicate flowers of that sort. This car is almost snowed under with them."

You see, nearly all the secrets were leaking, leaking; and Tom evidently knew something.

"What about that break in the road?" Tom asked. "Who do you suppose is up to that deviltry—train wreckers?"

"No, somebody's after the President. You see, it was a pretty close thing between the two of them at the election, and a good many people think the wrong man got in."

"But they'd hardly carry it to that length, Rut—try to kill him in a smash-up."

"Oh, wouldn't they? These swamp angels go clean daft over their political office-hunting raids. Your history must be off if you can't remember one or two Presidents that were dealt with this way."

Tom remained silent for a minute; then he said: "Will you catch them?"

"No; nobody will ever know who did it. If I save the party *I* am satisfied."

"Is *she* with him, Rut?"

"Here, smoke," said Rutherford, handing him a cigar, "and don't bother. Too much knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Well, at 9:28, two minutes ahead of time, the old "Gunboat" gave a snort of contented exultation as Bill caressingly pulled her up at the Marshall station.

Eager questioners were there: the K. & D. Division Superintendent, and a dozen others. "How did he find out about it? From where had he sent the wire?"

An engine and wrecking gang had been sent out to look into it.

The President, who had been informed of the cause of delay, was there; had walked over to the W. & M. station; and if there really was a break and delay on their line would be graciously pleased if Mr. Rutherford would take the party through to Minneapolis.

There had been some tremendous muddle—some mistake, anyway, in the arrangements, the Secretary, John Shutliff, assured Rutherford. The original intention had been to travel part of the distance by his line, and part by the other line, so as to—so as to—at least the arrangements had miscarried. They were under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Rutherford—very probably the President owed his life to him.

"No," said Frank, "whatever you owe, you owe to my porter, Jack, for it was he who discovered the plot."

While they were still talking, a message came back over the wires from the scene of the reported break. A rail had been torn up at the bridge over Black Creek, a small stream. The line would be all clear in twenty minutes.

When the President was informed of this he said: "If Mr. Rutherford will allow us to accompany him we shall be very thankful for the great accommodation. We are sorry that by some miscalculation our original intention to accept his hospitality from Savan on was changed."

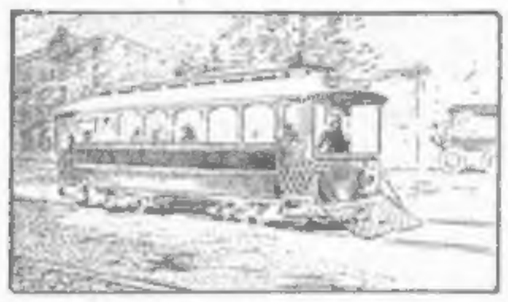
"He's got him!" muttered Tom when he heard this. "Good old Rut! He's a goat if he doesn't get the girl now, too, with this big lead he's got on the others."

Presently a pair of big, swimmingly black eyes, with just a suspicion of moisture in them, were looking into the young Manager's frank blue ones, as a small hand nestled for a second in his big brown paw and a voice full of soft music was saying: "We all thank you, Mr. Rutherford. We owe our lives to you, I'm sure—at least, father says so."

Shutliff drew his eyebrows together in a little puckering frown; he hardly liked being drawn into it, and saddled with such a load of gratitude right before every one; and to owe it all to Rutherford, too.

"I will lay a hundred to one he gets the girl, also," muttered Tom, who had heard this.

"You win the bet," whispered Fate in Tom's ear.



'PUBLICK OCCURRENCES' That are Making HISTORY

The Newest Developments in the Railroads of the World

A nation is known by its transportation facilities. However abundant may be its natural resources, however great its fertility, it cuts a poor figure in the wealth of the world unless it has good railroads. That is one reason why the United States so successfully leads. According to Mulhall, the British statistician, the wealth of this country exceeds that of Great Britain about thirty-five per cent., and in the survey of mankind he found nothing to compare with the United States. It is not too much to say that the lion's share of the credit belongs to the transportation chapters of our history. If the railroads are prosperous the country prospers.

There is no greater mistake than the popular idea that very low rates are a good thing. When a railroad does business below cost it does more to disorganize trade than any other malign influence, and in the end the cost to the people is larger than if the rates had been excessive. A great difficulty in the past has been to get the railroads to keep their agreements with one another. Legislation against pools was caused not so much by the fact of the pool itself, but because in almost every instance it was a scheme that was used dishonestly. Congress undertook to settle the matter by the absolute prohibition of such an arrangement. But the brilliant intellects that run railroads have undoubtedly reached some sort of working plan. They were enabled to do this mainly by the few great corporations getting control of the railroad situation of the country. One of the announcements is the increase in railroad rates. The railroads defend themselves on the score that everything else has been going up, and that they have a right to get their share of the new prosperity. It remains to be seen whether or not the Interstate Commerce Commission will interfere.

Not for many years have there been so few receiverships as during 1899, and it is significant that the only important one came from rate-cutting. The managers of that road set out to get business whether it paid or not, and regardless of the bad effects their action might have on other properties. The consequence was that they soon reached the end of their folly, and the courts had to intervene. The rate-cutter is always the brigand of the business.

Another significant development of the year is something which the greatest prophet of a decade ago would never have foretold. It has always been a principle of our transportation writers that a ton of freight could be moved on water seven times more cheaply than on land, and this idea has prevailed in the public mind for several generations. Now the railroad people openly claim that the railroads are beating the canals, and such men as Presidents Hill, of the Great Northern, and Callaway, of the New York Central, have gone so far as to state that the lake-and-canal route from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic can no longer compete with the railroads—that is to say, the railroads can carry freight from Chicago to New York cheaper than it can be carried by water.

In the matter of speed the developments during the year have not been unusual. The late George B. Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, used to say that what the railroads needed was not so much one hundred miles an hour as to make *fifty* miles an hour and keep it up. This is at present the settled policy of the great transportation companies.

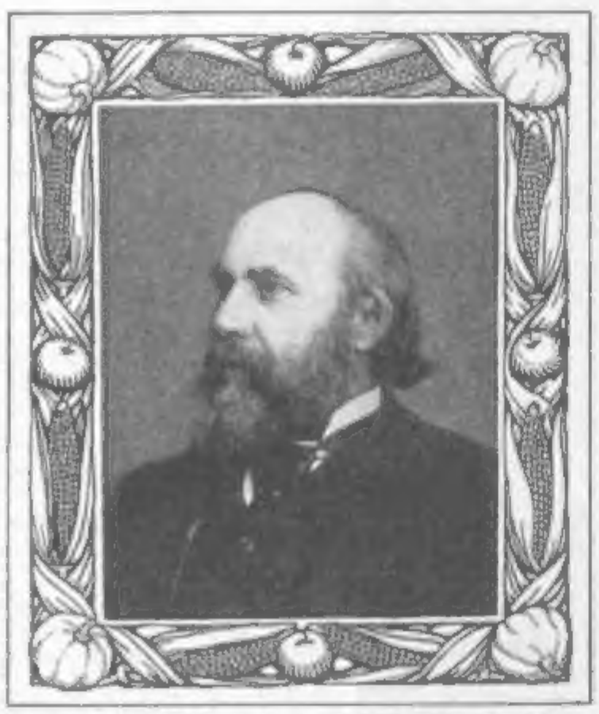


PHOTO BY C. A. ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL, MINN. Courtesy of the New York Tribune

JAMES J. HILL

The Going Away and Getting Back Habit

A few days ago at a Southern way-station, which was not of enough importance for a ticket-seller, a typical negro entered the train. There was upon his face the unwrinkled happiness which springs from a mind that cannot tell the difference between an almanac and the Constitution of his country, and that is thoroughly convinced that Abraham Lincoln is still President. Of course he has a vote, but that is another matter. In this case he had something more substantial to him than any slip of paper with a lot of names on it—a little wad of bills and some silver change which he held with a conscious grip. The conductor asked: "Where do you want to go?" The ebony citizen grinned and relaxed his hold on his fortune. Then he said: "Boss, I wants ter go ez fur ez dis'll take me en fetch me back ergin—all savin' a quarter ter spend when I git off." The conductor made the calculation, and all but twenty-five cents went to the soulless corporation whose business it is to take people somewhere and then take them back again. Here we have a humble manifestation of the restlessness of the human race. More or less acutely it possesses all of us. It has been the feeling almost from the beginning, and it is somewhat strange that in the episode in the Garden of Eden some one has not suggested that the first temptation may have been a round-trip excursion ticket.

Going away and getting back is the greatest fact in the daily life of the world. Whether it be a voyage around the earth, or a trip on the trolley to a bargain sale, or to the business office, it all goes to make up the wonderful movement which keeps the people constantly changing positions, and which forms in its machinery the most stupendous operations civilization can show. It uses more wealth than any other department of human endeavor, and it marshals in its service armies greater than those of the nations.

Pullmans to the Pyramids and Beyond

In the same part of the country where our colored fellow-citizen took his outing one of the first railroads existed just about half a century ago. The rail was a piece of wood with an iron strip nailed along the top. Occasionally this strip would curl up and throw the engine off the track, or bob up suddenly through the bottom of the flimsy passenger coach. A distance of 140 miles was made in about thirty-three hours, and when it was announced that the schedule would be cut down to twenty-four hours the public remonstrated. Then the directors talked over a plan to put bales of cotton along the sides of the cars, so that if there were accidents the passengers would have soft landing-places.

All this seems ridiculous, and it seems equally incredible that the sleeping-car is less than half a century old, and that the first vestibule train appeared in June, 1886. It was not until even later than this that the modern air-brake was generally applied. The whole record of railroading is wonderful history. Now instead of cotton bales to fall upon we have trains that are practically indestructible, cars that match kings' palaces in luxury and excel them in comfort, engines that travel faster than the wind, and schedules that are more certain than the breakfast-gongs in our own homes. In this country, which leads the world, there are already nearly 190,000 miles of railway.

But this is only a part of the story. In other quarters of the world the work is going on. Russia is already transporting passengers most of the way over Siberia, and her railroad will soon be at the Pacific. And it will not be long before the whistle of the engine will be heard at Peking. At this time personally conducted excursions from Cairo to Khartum are being advertised, and the traveler may sit in the Pullman enjoying all the comforts of home with the delights of Egyptian scenery. There will doubtless come a time when the line will run all the way to the Cape of Good Hope. Then after that there will be a railroad along the tablelands of the Andes throughout the length of South America. China is awakening to the necessity of railroads, and they will be built. Persia is now entertaining the Czar's scheme for a railroad through her territory to the Indian Ocean.

Distributing Surplus Population

A very interesting movement is under way in Russia. The railroad across Siberia goes through an immense country practically without population, but the fact that the railroad is there has increased the value of the land from ten to a hundred fold. It has been found that various enterprises can be profitably conducted, and unquestionably the railroad needs towns and cities and settled districts to yield it an income for support. The Russians, who have awakened with rare zeal to modern conditions, have solved the dilemma by a bold policy. It is nothing more nor less than transplanting people from the crowded districts of the Russian Empire to desirable places along the new railroad. In other cases the railroad went to the people; in this case the people are being taken to the railroad. The new settlers are not only being given free passes and free land, but free tools and the various necessities for beginning a new life in a new country. Russia grants all this with a generous and almost prodigal hand. Of course, when everything gets in operation the tax assessor will do the rest.

This is another way of accomplishing the results that have made this country so great and so strong. Once it was necessary for the East to send food to aid the new settlers of the West; now the West is not only helping to support the East and filling its banks, but is feeding the world.

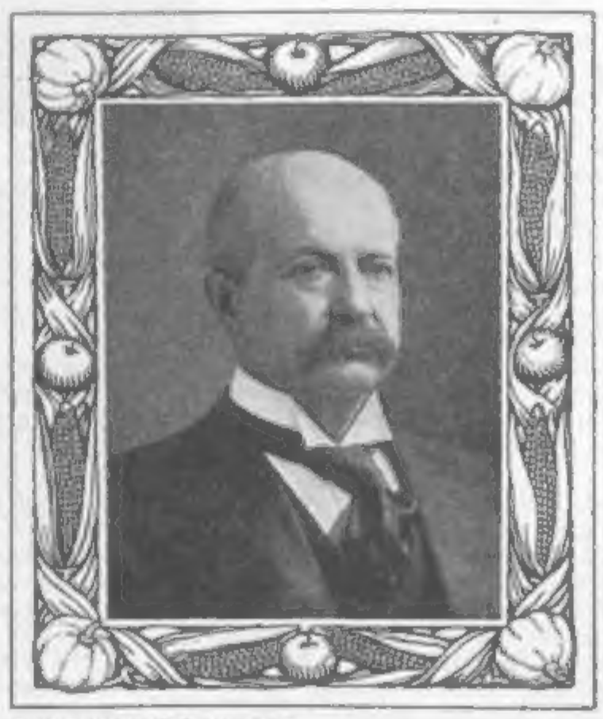


PHOTO BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA

P. A. B. WIDENER

The Trolley and its Numerous Failings

While the modern railroad has achieved almost perfection in its comforts and conveniences, the modern trolley distinctly fails in nearly everything in which it ought to be complete. In the first place, it costs a great deal less for operation and its percentage of profit is a great deal more. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been made simply by manipulating and combining the stocks and franchises. The Niagara of speculation has poured almost endless water into the capital on which the public must pay interest. There are literally millions of working people in the United States who give to these corporations from five to twenty per cent. of their daily wage. In many cities the charges are far beyond all reason in comparison with the services rendered. When a person appreciates that he is paying more for the privilege of standing up and being trampled upon in a trolley than for riding comfortably in a modern railroad car, while the cost of the trolley is fully one-half less than that of the railroad, he will see how far the injustice goes. But, like all corporations which have become suddenly rich, and into whose pockets millions are flowing weekly, they have little concern for the public. It is only that the Americans are the most patient people on earth that these things are tolerated.

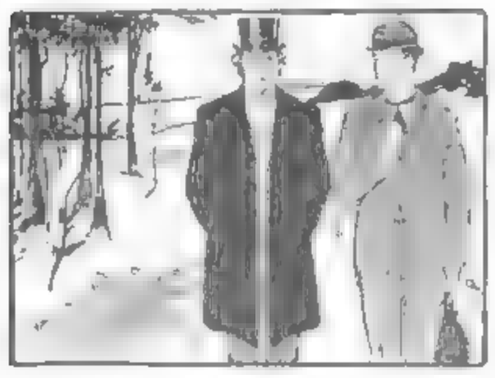
The average trolley car is in itself a cheap, inadequate thing. Nine times out of ten it is too small, and generally, even in the bleakest weather, it is unheated. There is no regard for the passengers' well-being. And yet, these same trolley cars are the largest money-makers in the country. Great is the forbearance of the American! What a lovely angel he will make!

The Future of the Automobile

But, after all, let us indulge the feeling that the present trolley system is only temporary. It is out of all reason that anything so unsatisfactory should endure the processes of progress, and we see the coming of a better day, when we may sit down and feel that we are getting the worth of our money. The era of the automobile means a revolution in city and suburban transportation. It is not a speculation or a promise, but something close at hand. When we stop to think that there are nearly a hundred manufacturing companies with a capital of almost five hundred million dollars already in the field to make automobiles we know at once that the automobile has arrived at our doors. Every day we see more of them on the streets; every day they come within the reach of the people. Then as the thoroughfares are better paved, and as the improvement which is one of the certainties of municipal growth goes on, we can look forward to the time when the track will be removed from the streets, and when we shall glide along comfortably and cheaply on rubber tires. The street railway magnates should not be alarmed over this, for they ought to be satisfied with the wealth which they now possess. In the meanwhile, they should remember that what the people want is not so much cheaper fares, although such a thing as an extra charge for a transfer should not exist in any American city, but better service and more comfortable accommodations. The American is seldom unreasonable. We are all willing to pay our five cents if we get a nickel's worth, but there is a feeling that we do not get it.

The Romances of Transportation

Were all the romances of literature to die, new ones could be built from the facts of transportation. The best man wins. The influence of the transportation interests upon the character of the country has been incalculable. Those who anticipated the great developments of the country, such as James J. Hill in railroading and P. A. B. Widener in street railways, who has recently given $2,000,000 for charity in Philadelphia, have profited enormously. Though transportation has made many millionaires at the expense of the public, it has also made thousands of better men for the good of the public. That should be remembered.



MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

What Doctor Jowett Really Thought

H. A. Cuppy, Ph.D., who is now a successful editor in New York, studied at Franklin University, where he was graduated, at Oxford, England, where he got his degree, and at Heidelberg. Professor Jowett, whose Life and Letters are important literary contributions, was one of the most interesting personalities to Doctor Cuppy when a student at Oxford. In his collection of anecdotes about the Professor he tells of a walking tour which one of the matriculates took with the pedagogue

"It was a great thing to get an invitation to walk with the Professor," he said the other day, "and the young man who was the fortunate guest was so embarrassed that he was unable to carry on sensible conversation. After they had been on the road for about thirty minutes the pupil finally spunked up courage and remarked, 'Nice day, Professor.

"'Do you really think so?' was the far-away answer of Jowett.

"Another half hour passed and the boy stammered out:

"'Nice road, Professor.'

"The teacher responded, 'Do you really think so?'

"The matriculate began to boil in his bones and to get even more frightened, but he managed to again blurt out, 'Clouds seem to be filling up with rain, Professor,' to which the answer was:

"'Do you really think so?'

"The two returned to the college ground and the Professor said, 'Well, young man, we have been walking for several hours and everything you said has been as stupid as it possibly could be.'

"His companion replied: 'Do you really think so?'

"The Professor looked at the young man a moment. Then he smiled and grasped his hands warmly. From that time on conversation never flagged during their walks."

How Rear-Admiral Luce Bested His Superior Officer

Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce, U. S. N., retired, has always been noted for his ready wit, and a great many stories are told among Naval men of his bright sayings. But, of all of them, perhaps the following best illustrates his quick repartee

When Admiral Luce was a young man, an Ensign or a Lieutenant—it matters not here—it so happened one summer that his ship for some days lay at anchor off a well known seashore resort. Of course the officers, young and old, were much fêted, and were often ashore. One night, after some function or other, a party of the young officers, among whom was Mr. Luce, set out for the ship. They had had an excellent time and were feeling very jolly, laughing and talking perhaps rather hilariously; they drew up to the ship and, leaving the boat, clambered up the gangway, Mr. Luce in the lead. The officer of the deck, hearing so much noise of mirth, met them with a severe glance as they stepped on deck. He looked them over one by one, and then turning to Mr. Luce, who was the life of the party, he said:

"Mr Luce, I am surprised; you are tight, sir!"

Quick as a flash came the answer

"Why, sir, I do not know what you mean, sir. If Stephen B. Luce, how can he be tight, sir?"

A ready answer turneth away wrath. The officer of the deck walked away, laughing.

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH

The Trials of the Vice-President

A party of friends of the late Vice-President Hobart were visiting Washington, and of course spent an hour in the Senate chamber. Among them was a little girl of ten who paid close attention to the proceedings. Two days afterward he met the child, who presently asked:

"Do you sit there every day listening to those old men talk?" "Yes, dear."

"Do you have to?" "Yes."

"I'm real sorry. It's an awful thing to be Vice-President, isn't it

The First Appearance of Sousa as a Solo Performer

"It was very funny about my first appearance as a solo performer," said Mr Sousa, with a smile. I was made before an audience composed almost entirely of lunatics Just outside the city of Washington is the St. Elizabeth Insane Asylum, which is maintained by the United States Government, and, in my youth, as indeed even now, it was the custom for local musicians to give occasional concerts at the asylum for the amusement of the unfortunates confined there My music teacher, John Esputa, frequently managed these affairs, and on one occasion, finding himself short of talent, he sent me word that I should hold myself in readiness to assist with a violin solo.

"I didn't want to go a bit, but, as Esputa was a martinet for discipline, I knew it would be idle to protest, so I resorted to subterfuge. Shortly before it was time to start for the asylum I presented myself at my teacher's house with the excuse that I did not have a clean shirt

"But alas, for my hopes! Esputa made me go to his room and don one of his shirts, which proved many sizes too large for a boy of eleven. I remember that it was wrapped around me almost twice, and the collar was pinned on fore and aft. If there was a more uncomfortable boy in the city of Washington than I was that night he must have suffered the very ecstasy of misery I wandered around gloomily until my number on the program was reached, and then stumbled on the platform.

"The thought of that borrowed shirt and the idea that I was playing to crazy people must have unnerved me, for I had not played more than a dozen bars of my solo before I forgot every note, and was on the point of breaking down. At this point I glanced hopelessly at my teacher, seated at the piano to play my accompaniment, and the wild glare of rage that met my look frightened me to renewed efforts, so I began to improvise. I could hear Esputa swearing at me under his breath as he tried to follow the wild flights of my fancy

"Then the pin that held the voluminous collar encircling my neck slipped its moorings, while the collar made a wild dash over my ears. This was too much for me, and, despite the torrid imprecations of my teacher, I brought my unique solo to a sudden end with a strong chord, and then made a frantic effort to escape the scolding I realized was in store for me. But Esputa seized me as I left the platform and hissed in my ear: 'Don't you dare to eat any supper here to-night!'

"With this order he left me to my fate, and all the rest of the evening I had to school myself to refuse the repeated invitations of the asylum authorities to partake of refreshments. This proved a very effective method of punishment, for I was very fond of ice cream in those days.

One may get some idea of the real Sousa as he talks of how he composes

"When I get an idea for a march, I nurse it and talk to it for days and months. I never write it down until I have thought it out from beginning to end—until, in fact, it is absolutely finished Sometimes it will take months to finish it in my mind, but it stays with me all the time, having a sort of fascinating hold on me.

"When I have written it, I play it to my wife and children—my oldest girl is sixteen—and they tell me what they think of it. Sometimes they don't think it is so good as something else I have done; then I play it over to them again, and we argue pro and con over disputed points. My little girl is an especially keen critic."

When Sousa was at the head of the Marine Band his salary was not large but his concerts made him rich and famous

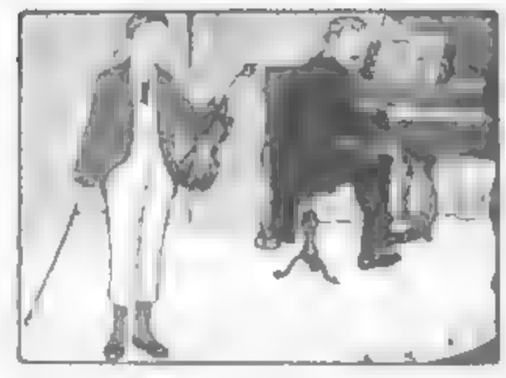
A Philosophical Convict

A volume might be written on the wonderful work done by Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth among the convicts in the New York State prisons. On the banks of the Hudson she conducts a cheerful home, called Hope Hall, where the reformed convict finds an opportunity to rehabilitate himself and to obtain some preparation for leading an honest life. Through this agency hundreds of men have been made into upright and law-abiding citizens. Life in these moral deeps is not devoid of humorous lights. Once Mrs. Booth and her aids had won the confidence of a prisoner who was feared by all his companions. One day in speaking of his past he told them that he was absolutely innocent of the charge for which he was suffering imprisonment, and he thanked Mrs. Booth for some reading matter she had brought him.

"I have got witnesses to prove my innocence, even if they are in prison now," he asserted

"Why don't you try to secure a new trial?"

"Well, you see," he replied, after a little pause, "I was acquitted of a number of charges where I was guilty, and so when I was convicted of something I never did, I said to myself, 'It's just about even balance,' and I took my medicine without any kicking."



Lady Churchill on American Men

The prominent part taken by Lady Randolph Churchill in the interesting movement in London known as the "American Ladies' War Aid Society" brings her career into general notice. She was born in Brooklyn, New York. She possessed remarkable beauty, talents and accomplishments Her father, Leonard Jerome, was a popular Wall Street magnate and the leader of a brilliant social circle.

Miss Jennie Jerome was the recipient of great admiration, and prior to her departure to England was rumored to be engaged to many Americans of wealth. It was at the Isle of Wight that she met Lord Randolph Churchill, then a young man known only by name in British society. They were married in January, 1874, at the British Embassy in Paris. The marriage was a turning point in the careers of both Lady Churchill and her husband. She became the political and literary partner of her husband, and they worked together with astonishing zeal His rise was phenomenal, and most of it, according to his own statement, was due to her matchless energy. Her greatest feat in British social life was the services she rendered to the Primrose League. Of more than two thousand chapters or branches of this powerful organization, five hundred are said to have been started by her unaided efforts. She is at the present time Vice-President of the Grand Council of the Primrose League.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

Lady Churchill has inherited the wit of her father, as she demonstrated upon one occasion to an eminent British politician. He was somewhat annoyed at the campaign she had made, and said:

"I really don't understand, Lady Churchill, why or how it is that American ladies refuse to enter political life in their own country, but overwhelm us here in England"

"That is because you have never traveled in the States. The men there are so intelligent and patriotic that they do not require the services of our sex as an educating force."

Why "Bob" Burdette is Not a Chaplain

Robert J. Burdette, fatter and more joyous than ever, came East from his California home the other day, delivering lectures along the way, and ending with a visit to his son who is attending one of the Eastern colleges, and who has some of his father's gifts in literature. Mr. Burdette is thoroughly attached to Pasadena, and speaks of it in glowing terms. He is pastor of a church there, and says he greatly enjoys his work. While in Philadelphia he received a letter from the Governor of California saying that he had his commission ready as chaplain in one of the regiments, and was very anxious to know whether he would accept the place.

"Of course you will take it?" a friend asked

"Well, I don't know," was his response. "It all depends. Just now I am waiting for the war to close."

An American General's Chinese Name

General Fitzhugh Lee received much attention during his recent visit to the United States. He had stories to tell, and one of them concerned his name. It was after he had gone to Cuba, and the manipulators of the telephone were not very familiar with his name and reputation.

"What name is that?" asked one operator.

"Lee—Fitzhugh Lee," was the response.

"Spell it, please."

"F-i-t-z-h-u-g-h L-e-e

"Thank you. Plague take these Chinamen!"

Identifying a Rare "Fossil"

The late Professor Marsh, of Yale College, the eminent paleontologist, had a quiet wit Once a facetious student brought him a bone scraped and cut in a fantastic fashion The class knew of the plan to deceive the scientist.

"I think, Professor, that this is a very rare fossil."

The Doctor looked at the bone, then at the student, finally centring his gaze upon the latter's knee.

"It is not rare. It is painfully familiar to me. It is a piece of the leg bone of a calf."

The Car of JUGGERNAUT

By Van Tassel Sutphen

WHEN Maddox Morton announced that he had finally and forever given up golf there were those among his hearers who smiled pityingly. When he insisted upon the strength of his resolution they laughed broadly and intimated that only money talks

"Forever is a long time," said Traphagen with a meaning glance in the direction of Morgan Gordon and J. Robinson Brown. "Make it six weeks and I'll lay you two to one in centuries."

Maddox Morton accepted Mr. Traphagen's offer, and he also accommodated several other gentlemen who anxiously claimed the privilege of establishing similar propositions It did seem like a good thing, but, strange to say, Maddox Morton came around at the end of the six weeks and called for a settlement in his favor

"It's your money all right," said Traphagen as he proceeded to square up "but however did you do it, old chap? Must be a pretty good thing that would keep you out of the monthly handicap. It isn't that confounded 'squash' ball!" he added explosively

"Come with me," said Morton mysteriously, and the twain disappeared in the direction of the Morton coach-house

The automobile had been in Morton's possession for a full week before he ventured to break the news to Mrs Morton As he expected, it was not received with enthusiasm

"A horseless carriage!" remarked Mrs. Morton, "and for years I have been waiting for a carriageless horse, the riding mare that you promised me when I consented to live in the country It wouldn't have cost you one-tenth of what you have probably paid for your toy wagon

"But, my dear," expostulated Mr Morton, "it is precisely on the ground of economy that I am making the change. It is true that I paid fifteen hundred for the vehicle, but at the present rates for gasoline it will cost less than half a cent a mile to run Just think of it, and remember that we save the feed and care of three horses, to say nothing of veterinary bills and the coke off at the harness makers'. I shall let Henry go at the end of the month, and have a half grown boy in by the day to assist Michael until he gets the hang of the machine. I tell you, it's the greatest thing on earth. Half a cent a mile, ten miles for five cents, a hundred miles for half a dollar, to San Francisco for a trifle over fifteen—why, it seems simply ridiculous."

"And it is," retorted Mrs. Morton in a tone that closed the discussion

Two days later Mrs. Morton, being fairly devoured by curiosity, consented to inspect the marvel. It was really a nice looking carriage of the Duke pattern, and beautifully upholstered and finished Mrs Morton's eye softened as she gazed, and she finally expressed a wish to see the vehicle in operation

Certainly, my dear," returned Mr Morton. "Just one moment while I put on my rig."

Mrs. Morton looked with astonishment upon her spouse as he emerged from the harness room a few minutes later. He wore long rubber wading boots and a glistening yellow slicker of the familiar oysterman pattern. His cap was a "pork pie" with a glazed peak. Enormous goggles with wire side pieces protected his eyes, and a rubber mouth guard was held firmly clenched between his teeth

"What is it?" demanded Mrs Morton, weak with laughter. "Football or deep sea diving?"

"It's the ordinary *chauffeur* costume," explained Mr. Morton, somewhat nettled. "I imported it from Paris, and I've been waiting for its arrival to make my first run

"Then you haven't tried the thing yet?" said Mrs. Morton doubtfully

"No," answered Maddox, "but I have read over the book of instructions several times, and it is a perfectly simple matter Run her out, Michael."

The carriage was pushed into the yard, and Maddox Morton mounted to his place Outwardly he was confidently calm, inwardly he would have liked to have had just one more glance at the manual of instructions. But he would have died rather than ask for it. He did resort to some dilatory tactics with a monkey-wrench, but Mrs. Morton's eye was upon him, and after two or three attempts he actually managed to get the motor started. It wheezed and clacked away at a great rate, and the noise was naturally confusing to an amateur *chauffeur* who had already forgotten how to make the proper connection with the driving mechanism

Why don't you go?" demanded Mrs. Morton impatiently

Maddox pulled a lever at random and the automobile majestically rolled back into the coach-house, upset the stove, and smashed the new brougham into splinters. The accidental slipping of a driving belt seemed like the direct interposition of Providence, for the automobile was gyrating about the confined limits of the coach-house like a top in the last stages of intoxicated giddiness, and Maddox had successively pulled every single lever but the right one

Mrs. Morton had seen enough, but the blood of Maddox was up. "Run her out again," he shouted, champing savagely on his rubber mouthpiece. Mrs. Morton held a whispered colloquy with Michael, the coachman, who nodded and disappeared in the direction of the cow-barns

It was some few minutes before Mr. Morton was ready to start again, but this time he felt sure of his ability to control

LIKE A CAT, THE BIG, CLUMSY MACHINE CLIMBED UP THE SLOPING, GRASSY BANK

the monster. The automobile moved quickly ahead and then came to a sudden stop as the heavy ox-chain attached to the off hind wheel was drawn taut. Maddox Morton's body rose gracefully to a standing position and was then projected in a hyperbolic curve over the dashboard. Mrs. Morton screamed and fainted as she saw the insensible form of her husband lying beneath the wheels, but fortunately the ox-chain held firm, and the rescue was quickly accomplished Concussion of the brain was what the doctors called it, and all night long they worked over him, while the new Frankenstein ramped and roared and strained at its steel tether in the courtyard below. For of course nobody but the unconscious Maddox knew how to stop the confounded thing, and he was none too sure about it, either, as Henry, the second man, remarked to the upper housemaid. It was two o'clock the next afternoon before the man from the factory arrived and the demon was at last exorcised—but only to bide its time

It was a surprisingly quick recovery for Maddox Morton but then, perhaps, it wasn't concussion of the brain. The doctors can settle it as they like; the fact remains that within three days Maddox Morton was at it again; but this time with greater caution and with proportionate success. Within a week he had acquired control of the machine under ordinary conditions, and with increasing skill the old confidence returned. Curiously enough, the subject of the accident was never brought up between Mr. and Mrs. Morton. It is dangerous work, the digging up of a double edged hatchet

Mr. Morton's automobile had come to be a familiar sight upon the highway, and it was commonly known as the "Car of Juggernaut" from its playful habit of forcibly appropriating wheels belonging to other vehicles. But Maddox Morton was always prompt in settling claims for damages, and two or three owners of antiquated hacks made quite a good thing out of him while it lasted. It was a proud day for Maddox when he first succeeded in motoring to the railway station in time to catch the bankers' express, and that without a single break-down or smash-up. What did it matter if he was given a whole car to himself, the odor of carbureted gasoline being offensive to delicately constituted people? Now he could call himself a *chauffeur*

It is not to be supposed, however, that his pride did not have the occasional and proverbial fall. It was extremely mortifying, his experience on the day that he made his first appearance at the golf club. The broad piazzas were crowded that bright Saturday afternoon, and Maddox Morton had purposely timed his arrival with the view of communicating the largest possible sensation to the greatest possible number of people. His bosom dilated with honest pride as the "Juggernaut" dashed up the roadway and into the circle laid out before the doorway. Mrs. Morton had finally been induced to accompany her husband, but she had not enjoyed the experience, and the strain was beginning to tell on her nerves. "It's running away with us!" she screamed, just as Morton was preparing to "shut off" and round-to in handsome style at the carriage block

"Leggo the lines!" shouted Maddox "I mean, take your hand off that starting lever!"

But Mrs Morton was past reasoning with, and she only tightened her despairing clutch upon the lever. Morton had all he could do to steer the carriage, which was now running at frightful speed round and round the circular driveway, and the groom behind was powerless to aid. Round and round, and still Mrs. Morton held the lever at the top-speed notch with the strength of ten men, while Morton wrestled convulsively with the steering-wheel, and all the world (and his wife) wondered

It was a hard turn to make, but Morton managed to get the "Juggernaut" safely on to the broad expanse of the golf course. He made the sixteenth and seventeenth holes in the shortest time on record, and then took a short cut to the eighteenth, heading directly for the far side of the big cop bunker. Surely that would stop her

Like a cat, the big, clumsy machine climbed up the sloping, grassy bank and hung balanced on the bunker top, its fore wheels suspended over the abyss of the hazard proper. Old Colonel Dormie happened to be in the bunker, and it gave him such a shock, when he looked up and saw those monstrous rubber-tired wheels revolving within an inch of his nose, that he entirely lost count of his strokes. Judge Stymie, his opponent, insisted upon its being seventeen, but Colonel Dormie would not admit to anything above twelve. Consequently the dispute had to be referred to the Green Committee, and that sagacious body ordered the match to be played over again, and suspended Morton from the club for one calendar month for the offense of climbing up on a bunker. Mrs. Morton went home in a hack, and consistently refused to be convinced that she had had any share in bringing about the catastrophe. "The idea of trying to carry that bunker with an automobile!" she said with biting irony. "You, Maddox Morton, who could never get over it with any one of your seventeen clubs! Could anything be more ridiculous!" And Maddox Morton, being a wise man, did not insist further.

But in spite of these little discouragements the cause of the automobile was advancing. First, Traphagen bought a steam runabout, and then Morgan Gordon and J. Robinson Brown became the owners of electric vehicles. Alderson and Rivers and Challis quickly followed suit, and by the middle

of October fully a dozen horseless carriages were owned in Lauriston. The establishment of a club naturally followed, and Morton was elected its first President. While in the act of accepting the honor an inspiration came to him. "We'll have a meet at my house next Saturday," he said, "and a driving contest for points, as they do in Paris. What do you say?"

The proposition was enthusiastically accepted, and Traphagen was generous enough to present a hundred-dollar cup for a prize. Everybody would be there; it would be the event of the season, and Maddox Morton could snap his fingers at the golf club and its sentence of suspension. Who played golf, anyhow, nowadays?

The course had been marked off on the lower lawn, and the brightly colored flags made the scene a brilliant one. It is to be understood that the arena was arranged to represent a narrow and winding street, and the amateur *chauffeur* was expected to show his skill by driving his motor wagon at good speed twice around the course without coming into contact with the line of flags or with any of the ordinary obstructions of street traffic, the latter being simulated by piles of papier-mâché bricks, cast-iron figures of street-sweepers and nursery-maids, real wheelbarrows, genuine go-carts, practicable gas-lamps, and other objects too numerous to mention. The slightest contact counted as a touch, and of course the cleanest score won the cup.

It took a long time to get the contestants together that Saturday afternoon; but then the horseless carriage is apt to indulge in moods and tenses upon such an occasion. Traphagen, in his steam runabout, was reported as "burnt out" at Chester, six miles away, and Challis, who had been experimenting with liquid air, was "frozen up" at Monkton. But Gordon and Brown and Rivers and Alderson finally managed to make the meet, and the contest was started with five entries. Needless to say that all Lauriston was there to look on—that is, everybody except their nominal hostess, Mrs. Maddox Morton. Morton had no explanation to offer for this extraordinary conduct either to himself or to his guests, and it was with some apprehension that he kept looking up at the tightly closed blinds of his wife's room. But no Mrs. Morton appeared, and Maddox was obliged to mumble out something about a severe nervous headache in answer to the natural inquiries that were made. The truth of the matter was that Mrs. Morton, being an extremely absent-minded person, had entirely forgotten about the great event, and had gone out immediately after luncheon, with the baby carriage, the latter containing that most important personage, Maddox Morton, Jr., *æt* two. But only the reader is supposed to be acquainted with this fact, for no one in the house had noticed her departure or had any notion of her whereabouts.

The contest was waged with great spirit. Rivers and Morton made their first circuit respectably, but Alderson scored heavily off the gas-lamps, and bowled the cast iron bank president clean off his pins. Disqualified by the judges, Brown and Gordon got a nursemaid apiece and were put upon probation.

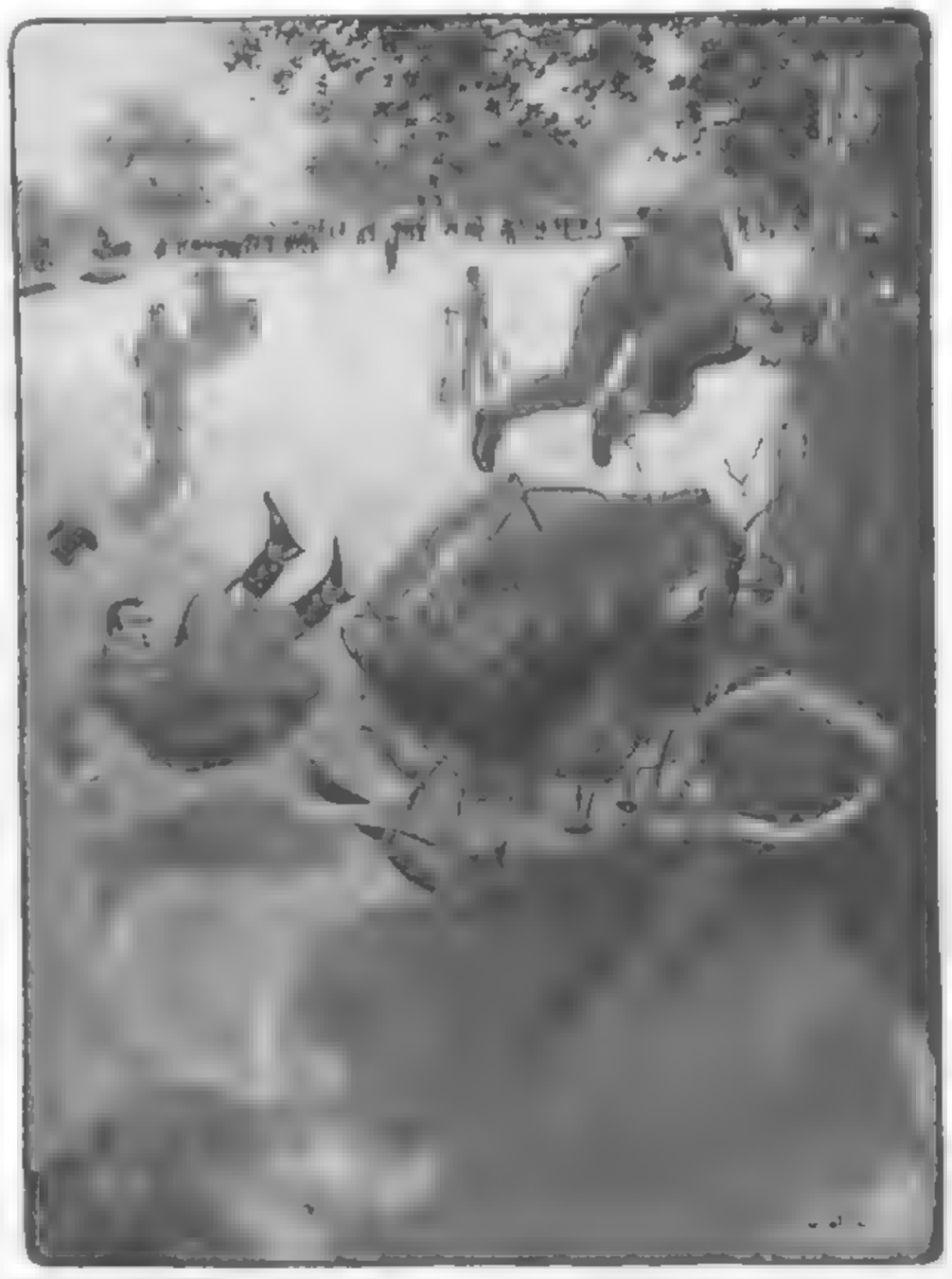
In the second round Brown lost his head and cut a wide swath among the line flags. He was ordered off the course, and in attempting to obey caromed heavily against Gordon's park brake, knocking its battery-equipment galley west and dishing a wheel. Of course the accident put out Gordon—considerably, it may be added—and the struggle was now narrowed down to Rivers and Morton. Their score was a tie, and Rivers pleased his backers by making the second round without a mistake. Morton did the same. Rivers went around for the third time and knocked the pipe out of a crossing sweeper's mouth. Morton followed and smashed a papier-mâché brick. The judges consulted and then ordered the contestants to proceed. Rivers had the misfortune to touch a line flag and to upset the Italian banana cart. It was Morton's cup if he but kept his head.

Down the course he sped, avoiding every obstacle with consummate dexterity. It was marvelous, and the air was vibrant with applause. Morton bowed his acknowledgments and let out another link in his speed. A sharp sweep to the left and he had cleared the orange girl, another to the right and the high-church bishop stood trembling on his narrow pedestal, safe, indeed, but still visibly agitated as to his gaiters.

"Bravo!" shrieked the crowd, and Morton, with the reckless confidence engendered by success, responded by making the "Juggernaut" pirouette on two wheels among the cast-iron nursemaids and their baby carriages. Then wheeling at top speed he dashed for the judges' stand and the finishing line.

Maddox Morton gazed stupidly at the real woman pushing a real perambulator in which lay a real baby. Undoubtedly he had some responsibility in the matter, but he could not seem to make up his mind on the question of decisive action. Steering wheel, reversing lever, emergency brake—all were within reach of his hand, and yet he felt singularly incapable of even the raising of a finger. And then in a flash he understood the truth—the "Juggernaut" had suddenly been endued with sentient life; it had become a monster, implacable in its energy, ruthless in its intelligence. And it was within sight of its prey!

Mrs. Morton, being both preoccupied and a trifle hard of hearing, was fairly out in the open before she realized her peril. Instinctively she stopped short and then tried to run back. The automobile, with an angry "teuf," changed its course and bore down upon its quarry. Mrs. Morton made a desperate forward plunge and then as suddenly dodged back again. The "Juggernaut" seemed puzzled, but it was bound to follow, even at the expense of a severe shock to its differential gearing. A large oak tree stood some fifteen feet away, and the intelligent automobile rightly calculated that Mrs. Morton would endeavor to reach the protection afforded by its massy trunk. Reasoning from established precedent, she would undoubtedly stop, run ahead a few steps, and then turn back, and the automobile had only to keep a straight course to be sure of its game. As it happened, however, Mrs. Morton first ran back, and then, contrary to all precedent, stopped where she was. The "Juggernaut," carried forward by an irresistible impetus, crashed into the tree, and was incontinently reduced to a scrap-heap, on top of which Maddox Morton sat dolorously. Mrs. Morton picked up her baby and went into the house.



THE "JUGGERNAUT," CARRIED FORWARD BY AN IRRESISTIBLE IMPETUS, CRASHED INTO THE TREE, AND WAS INCONTINENTLY REDUCED TO A SCRAP-HEAP

"It was marvelous, my dear Morton, simply marvelous!" said Traphagen as he assisted at the rehabilitation of the President of the Lauriston Automobile Club. "The coolness that you showed in making that last turn was magnificent. You are assuredly a born *chauffeur*."

Maddox Morton did not reply. He knew in his heart of hearts that the "Juggernaut" had destroyed itself, that it had fallen into the fatal trap of thinking that it could tell what a woman was going to do in making a street-crossing. But he did not say this: he had become a moral coward. Would these people never go! And then as he looked up again at that second story window he realized that he would much prefer to have them all stay on indefinitely. "Even J. Robinson Brown," he thought confusedly. "Wasn't he the fellow who went for a week's visit to a country house, liked it so well that he stopped on for twenty years, and was finally buried in the family vault? If he only *would* stay!"

Traphagen's voice fell dully on his ears.

"It looks a bit like rain, and perhaps we'd better be motoring along. Great success, wasn't it? And, by the way, you've won it, you know. A great contest, but Rivers was fairly outclassed in that last round."

Morton mechanically extended his hand to receive the prize cup; it felt as though it might have been made of lead. His guests were already departing; there was a hurried embarrassment in their leave-takings. And now he was alone.

Maddox Morton walked up on the piazza, turned, and, with a mighty round-arm swing, hurled Traphagen's hundred-dollar cup into space. There was a tinkling crash as it fell—the conservatory, of course.

"Mrs. Morton's prize pink orchid!" thought Maddox Morton miserably. Then he opened the hall door very slowly for the space of ten inches or so and slipped in sideways.

They were half way through the litany before the Maddox Mortons appeared on that succeeding Sunday morning. The countenance of Rivers was lighted up with a fearful joy as he leaned over to Robinson Brown in the pew ahead and whispered thickly:

"Clock of the world's progress set back three centuries—the Maddox Mortons are going about in a Sedan chair."

Mrs. Robinson Brown shot out an admonitory elbow. "Good Lord, deliver us!" responded Robinson Brown loudly, as he settled down again upon his haunches.

MARVELS OF PRECOCITY

By William Mathews

THE stories told in biographies of the precocity of many eminent men almost stagger belief. Yet no fact regarding great men is better attested than that the mental faculties of a large proportion of them—especially great artists, poets and scholars—were developed early. Mozart, who could write tunes when four years old, was the despair of his instructors, who could teach him nothing. At the age of seven he astonished the Parisians by his performance on the organ and by his improvisation, and published two of his own musical compositions. Schubert's instructor complained that he was always making the mortifying discovery that he could tell his pupil nothing which he did not know beforehand. Beethoven was a standing puzzle to his professors, and chuckled over the difficulties which they could not explain by reference to any authoritative work on thorough bass.

Mendelssohn by his eighth year had acquired such mastery over the piano that he played it with wonderful finish, and in the theory of music he had made such progress that he had detected in a concerto of Bach six of those dread offenses against the grammar of music, consecutive fifths. When, at the age of fourteen, he was placed under Moscheles, the latter wrote in his diary:

"This afternoon I gave Felix Mendelssohn his first lesson, without losing sight for a moment of the fact that I was sitting next a master, not a pupil." At sixteen the youth read Wieland's Shakespeare, and, with all the vigor of the eagle sunning his newly perfected pinions, threw off the immortal overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream. When the boy, Nicolo Paganini, was sent to Parma to study under Alessandro Rolla, the great musician, on hearing him play, told him to go home; he could teach him nothing. The result was the same when young Turner, destined to such eminence as a painter, was sent to school to learn drawing. A short time ago the first prize at the Paris Conservatory of Music was won by a girl named Renée, who was but ten years old, and was so small that the pedals of the piano had to be raised to enable her to reach them.

One of the chief combatants in the famous ancient and modern learning controversy which raged about two centuries ago in England was William Wotton, D.D., who had been graduated at Cambridge at the age of thirteen, and afterward distinguished himself by his attainments in Latin, Greek and the Oriental languages. At thirteen, Alexander Pope's mother was found competent to take charge of a mercantile establishment; at eighteen he wrote papers which were attributed to several leading men of the nation; at twenty he was the confidant of Washington; and at twenty-one he had mastered the intricate subject of finance.

In our own day, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, whom Wordsworth declared to be one of the two most wonderful men he had ever known (the other was Coleridge), was a still greater marvel of precocity. When but four years and five months old he read Latin, Greek and Hebrew, the last with the points; at eight he had acquired French and Italian, and could extemporize in Latin a description of a landscape through which he walked; at nine he had a fair knowledge of Arabic, and was eagerly beginning Sanscrit. Before he had completed his tenth year he was grounded in the Chaldee, Syriac, Hindustani, Malay, Mahratt, Bengali and other languages, and was about to begin the Chinese. To have acquired even a smattering of all these tongues would have been extraordinary enough; but that his knowledge was very much more than a smattering has been shown.

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The Ends of the Earth Draw Near

IT MAY be true, as the wise man said, that there is nothing new under the sun, and that what there is is vanity; but for all that, the earth deserves great credit for its success in winning and retaining the attention of man. In spite of all the old shows that have passed away—the Tower of Babel, the Seven Wonders, and most of the more famous cities of antiquity—there are new improvements going on all the time which are worth looking at, and the means of transportation are being so wonderfully extended that interesting countries which a few years since only the most adventurous and lavish traveler could hope to spy out are, month by month, becoming accessible to ordinary folk who have only a moderate amount of time and money to spend in seeing them. During these last years of the century while American interest in geography has been increasing at such a pace, the means of satisfying it by travel have increased still faster. Order has spread considerably, so that many places which were unsafe can now be visited without risk, and railroads have been extended so enormously that many places which were practically inaccessible can be easily reached. Most of us have to stay at home and work and take care of our families, but to any one who can be a traveler—and there are thousands, nowadays, who can—the opportunities for gadding are already prodigious and prospectively more prodigious still.

To go to Mexico now by rail is a trifling vacation journey which affluent persons make in the spring in a private car. But beyond Mexico is Central America, still to most of us a rather far-off country, but one over which great changes are undoubtedly impending. A canal is surely to cross it, and soon, in all probability; and it cannot be a matter of many years before the ports of that canal will be accessible by rail from Mexico. There are ancient and mysterious monuments of great extent in Central America, some of which it is at present as much as a man's life is worth to visit, but the newspapers tell us that the Mexican Government has been fighting some of the wild tribes of Yucatan, where some of the most interesting and least known of these monuments stand, and that the tribesmen have garrisoned old forts and temples built hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years ago. All that country is coming out into the world, and by the time it is possible to reach the interesting parts of it without too much inconvenience and cost we may hope that medical science will have discovered enough new antitoxins to make us proof against all possible fevers.

Matters are a little less forward in South America, but they are progressing. An American war-vessel went up the Amazon a few months ago, as many hundred miles as its coal bunkers permitted, and brought back stories that were worth reading.

There are steamboats on all the great South American rivers, and there are thousands of miles of railroad in South America, but the great trunk line following the Andes and connecting all the various lines that run from the mountains in both directions to the coast is still to be built. It is coming soon. Strangely soon the trainman's cry will rise: "Panama: change for Bogota, Lima, Rio, Santiago, Buenos Ayres and Cape Horn."

In Asia the trans-Siberian railroad will soon reach the Pacific, and there seems to be an immediate prospect of inspecting all parts of China from the window of a Pullman car. In Africa, the Cape to Cairo railroad, already operative for hundreds of miles, seems destined to go through within a decade or two, and to make travel in the Dark Continent a pastime. It means a good deal when all the steel mills in the world are far behind their orders and Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller are eager competitors for the means of transporting iron ore.

What a wonderful journey young Fortunatus will be able to plan for himself when—say in 1920—he leaves college and starts out to see what manner of world this is that he is to live in! A hundred thousand miles by railroad and steamer will be a distance that he may cover easily and advantageously, and he need be hardly more than a year in doing it unless he is wise enough to take his time.

—E. S. MARTIN

Civilization will be worth something when the school teachers get more pay than the politicians.

Why People Read Fiction

SCARCELY a year passes without the appearance of a work of fiction which everybody seems to read, despite the critics' warnings that the book itself transgresses the rules by which all stories should be constructed. Some high literary authorities are still wondering, in pained amazement, at the vogue of Kipling's tales, The Honorable Peter Stirling, Trilby, The Choir Invisible, David Harum and other stories that have been sold in enormous quantities, and such of the wonderings as get into print are quite amusing to the great body of readers, though the aforesaid authorities had no intention of saying anything funny.

The popularity of certain books should be a hint to literary purveyors and their professional advisers that men and women do not purchase works of fiction primarily for the purpose of continuing their literary education. They do not look for deviations from accepted rules of construction, nor are they greatly troubled by them. The gourmet likes the canvas-back duck no less because he chances to find a shot imbedded in its breast; he does not ignore the spring shad though it has a hundred times as many bones as a catfish, nor does he refuse the terrapin because it is not constructed like a fillet of beef.

Most people who buy or borrow fiction have no mental purpose, for the time being, higher than relaxation or diversion, and the many who are quite competent critically are not exceptions to the rule. Lovers of fiction, as of any other means of diversion, long for variety and for something new, no matter what, so it be good of its kind, and the kind not bad. It has been so ever since fiction began. Thackeray was an abominable bungler, according to the canons of fiction in his day, yet he quickly eclipsed all of his contemporaries but Dickens, who himself was the subject of much severe criticism; both Dickens and Thackeray have since been pricked by hundreds of critical pens, yet each is more read than any living author.

Experience seems to promise that people will continue to select their fiction without any regard for the dicta of literary teachers. Most of them unconsciously search the pages of story-tellers for sentiment, humor, adventure, mystery or sketches of character, but above all for newness, and least of all for studies in construction. Fiction is the mental playground of natures that are fond of books, and the mind at play is omnivorous; it may object to stones and refuse carrion, but almost anything between these extremes is acceptable. Whether the books that are selling by hundreds of thousands to-day will or will not please future generations is nothing to their readers; they do not even care whether the author who delights them for the time being may or may not be "the coming man"; for the time being they are pleased, and that is sufficient.

All this may be very sad; certainly it is very true. It is also true that thousands of estimable persons regard a story solely as a work of art, to be estimated according to the highest standards, and accepted or rejected accordingly. They have an undoubted right to their opinion and to the gratification they derive from it, and they are not to be charged with hypocrisy when occasionally they sneak into the by-paths and commons of fiction and laugh or cry with delight over the tales that please the uncritical mind. Old Sebastian Bach, after spending a day with the tone-masters and his own wonderful chorals and sonatas, was wont to say: "Come, son; let us go to the beer garden and rest ourselves with the pretty tunes."

—JOHN HABBERTON.

[illegible] who can answer the Biblical inquiries [illegible] age boy need not fear the higher critics.

Things as They Are

MR. BAGEHOT, in his work on Physics and Politics, remarks that "the most melancholy of human reflections, perhaps, is that on the whole it is a question whether the benevolence of mankind does more good or harm."

Thackeray, in his lecture on George III, went so far as to say that he believed that the greatest wrongs had been perpetrated by good men acting upon conscientious motives. These be hard sayings but history furnishes much to corroborate them, and upon analysis it will often be found that the benevolent intent had evil results because it chose to deal with things as they ought to be instead of things as they are.

A recent instance in our own history affords a sad illustration of this point. It relates to the Samoan Islands, over which our Government could long ago have exercised undisputed sovereignty, but refrained from honorable motives. Other Powers had no such scruples, and in view of their movements our State Department, on June 19, 1886, issued a formal declaration setting forth that it was our policy to uphold "the independence of the Pacific nationalities." Negotiations were entered into with England and Germany which resulted in the treaty of 1889, recognizing the independence of the Samoan Government, guaranteeing the neutrality of the islands, and giving the citizens of the three signatory Powers equal rights of residence and trade.

The miserable results of the triple control thus established are well known. The native tribes have been distracted by conflicting interests, bloody conflicts have taken place, warships have been sent to the scene, and native villages have been destroyed by shot and shell. This lamentable state of affairs has recently been terminated by an arrangement which divides the group between Germany and the United States, so that in the end we accept over a remnant the sovereignty we might long ago have extended over the entire group.

The important point to note is that all this trouble, woe and destruction may be attributed to the desire of our statesmanship to deal with things as they ought to be instead of things as they are. The policy declared in 1886 is honorable in motive and virtuous in tone, but it was bottomed on falsehood. The tribal institutions of the natives did not constitute a government possessing a political character or capable of independence, and by pretending to treat as independence that which was in fact complete dependence upon the power of the United States we perpetrated a cruel wrong upon the natives by making them the prey of the conflicting interests of three sovereign Powers.

The warning which the case conveys should sink deep into the national conscience. The vast extension of our national power and influence is presenting for solution similar problems of responsibility. The highest duty of the statesman is to act in the spirit of Kipling's lines and deal with

"——the Thing as he sees it
For the God of Things as They ar·

—HENRY JONES FORD.

As a rule, the best Legislature is that which makes the fewest laws.

A Possible Calamity

"HE WAS a bold man who first ate an oyster," said Dean Swift, and if certain government reports and doctors' warnings go on he will become a bold man who eats oysters even in the halcyon days of the oyster's universal popularity. It is a great pity. Next to having your sweetheart married to another man, or the other fellow elected to office when you were on the opposite ticket, there can be no greater disaster than the surrender of the oyster. It is to man's mundane soul—that is, his stomach—what the promise of immortality is to his future hopes. Most people no longer say grace at the beginning of the chief feast of the day; they eat oysters. The oysters are the benison, and there are people who devour them much more attentively than they would the spoken words of thanksgiving and prayer. Doctor Holmes used to call them his "sovereign remedy for regulating public opinion," and the poets have allied them with love. "An oyster may be crossed in love," says Sheridan. "Love may transform me into an oyster," declared Shakespeare. When a young man begins to feel real love he no longer confines the young lady to the usual plate of ice cream, but asks her to begin with oysters and follow the bill-of-fare. When the husband stays out too late it is the box of oysters that he depends on to quell the storm and rekindle the glow of love.

To give up the oyster would be a greater calamity to the human race than a combined hegira of terrapin and canvas-back ducks, and yet there are ominous signs. It has hardly begun, but it is being spoken of in responsible quarters. In the better days of the world the waters inhabited by the oyster were sweet and pure and healthy, but modern evils have sent pollution into the streams, and the doctors in one or two cases have traced typhoid from patients to oysters, and from oysters to factories, villages and cities. In Europe, where the population is congested, the conditions are more serious than in this country, where we have broad rivers, wide bays, and thousands of miles of sea coast. That the question has reached serious proportions, however, was shown in the action this year of the local government board of London, which has published a report enumerating the oyster beds which are free from suspicion of pollution, and the London newspapers have gone so far in their comments upon this document as to suggest that the consumers insist on getting their oysters from clean beds. This has brought a mild complaint from the physicians, who say that it imposes another burden upon them, because they will be expected to tell their patients where to get safe oysters. The necessity for this action can well be understood when it is known that many of the beds are located on the lower Thames, down which flows the drainings of millions of population. In this country there is only one well authenticated case on record, and then the oysters were taken from the mouth of a small, narrow river which conveyed the sewage of a manufacturing district.

Indeed, as a rule, there ought to be little danger from the average American oyster. He is a fresh, fat, healthy and altogether delightful friend, to be swallowed without doubt, to be enjoyed without limit.

—LYNN ROBY MELKINS.

In this age of heroism some women will even risk marriage in order to reform men.

At the English Court

One of the best of the younger writers tells of his first meeting with George Meredith. The young man had published his first book, a tale of the drab life of ordinary folk in great London, and having written a second tale of like kind—he is a conscientious, serious writer—he resolved to send it to the publishing firm of Chapman & Hall, who, it may be remembered, published for Dickens. Not long after the manuscript was submitted, the young author received a letter consisting of four large pages of close writing, discussing the novel, and winding up by asking the author to call at the office of Messrs. Chapman & Hall. This letter was unsigned, but the young novelist guessed it must be from the publisher's reader. But who the reader might be he had not the least idea. When the author called he was met at the door by a tall, handsome man of eminently aristocratic deportment—indeed, most lordly in manners—who gave him a cordial welcome and invited the young author upstairs, saying, "Then I'll introduce myself." But to introduce himself he entirely forgot, and the author remained in a fog. When the two reached the room they found the head of the firm fussing about. In a few moments the aristocratic man glanced over his shoulder and said to Chapman, "I sha'n't want you, Fred. You can go." And go the head of the firm did. The aristocratic man was George Meredith, and at that time he drew the magnificent salary of £[illegible] year (less than $750) from the gentleman whom he so [illegible] and coolly dismissed. The publisher out of the room, the publisher's reader spent more than an hour in discussing the plot and each separate character of the tale submitted. The young author was so astounded to find how closely the stately gentleman before him had gone into the manuscript that he left the premises without daring to ask who the voluble, amiable and thoroughly appreciative gentleman was. But happening to meet Mr. Leslie Stephen some time after the interview at Chapman & Hall's, he asked, and was told that his entertainer was no less a personage than George Meredith. The young author and the old became close friends.

Mr. Henry James has become a landed proprietor in England, in a very beautiful part of England, too. His house is near Rye, a little Old World town in Sussex, far from the turmoil of the nineteenth century, where interviewers, daily newspapers, political orators, and rumors of war cease from troubling and the weary writer is at rest. The landscape, the house, the atmosphere, everything is Henry James. The house and Mr. James, Mr. James and the house make up a wonderful picture. Everything about the place is severely correct. It is a Georgian house, trim, red brick, with the primmest of all prim gardens, surrounded by an unimpeachable red brick wall and flower-beds geometrically arranged with flowers, each standing as upright as the red coat sentry before Buckingham Palace, and every plant just so many feet and inches apart from its companion plant. The furniture stands in severe order—one might think the user of beautiful English got down on his hands and knees with a tape-line each morning to check off the proper distances. Mr. James has taken to cycling. Henry James on a cycle is a sight for the gods, but mortals also look on. His costume is woefully correct: the suit is of a refined shade and exquisite cut, stockings, shoes and headdress match to perfection, and he pedals along at a uniform rate, followed at a mathematical distance by a perfect gem of a man-servant, with the gravest possible look upon his face.

They say that if a boiler blows up in Kamchatka or Klondike, Timbuctoo or Teheran—anywhere—some English household is thrown into mourning. The South African war has already caused the blinds to be pulled down in a multitude of houses, and among others the abiding place of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, himself. The Wolseley who was stretched out stark and stiff on Elands Laagte was a plain trooper, Hubert Joseph Wolseley, of the Imperial Light Horse, but he belonged to the direct line of Wolseleys, and so was more "aristocratic," if one may so express it, than Lord Wolseley, who is a cadet of the Wolseleys-in-Chief. Trooper Wolseley was a fine young fellow, well over six feet in height, lion-hearted, and a famous horseman. He was fond of roughing it, and six days after the battle they found him lying dead on the rough lands of the battlefield.

Once again the Guards are off to war. The Guards, as all Americans who have visited London cannot help having noticed, are almost as much of an institution in London as Westminster Abbey itself, and when they are ordered off there is bound to be fighting, for the War Office never sends them off on a wild-goose chase. If Americans would care to know an infallible sign of coming war when this United Kingdom is concerned, I would tell them: watch the list of special officers sent to that part of the world where there is a dispute on. If the officers consist of Colonel This and Major and Captain That—well, the chances are that the storm will blow over without the lightning striking. But if you see that Colonel Lord So-and-So of the Guards, Captain the Honorable Misterman of the Seventeenth Lancers, the son of the Prince Munster, the nephew of the Commander-in-Chief, and male relatives generally of the Powers That Be are detailed for special work close to the spot where a crisis is developing, *then* look out for squalls. Those "with a pull" in this country are ever energetic in shoving their young men to the front, and their young men push to the front and get into the hottest corners as eagerly as an Irishman with a shillelah rushes to Donnybrook Fair. And the Guards, the pet regiment, although by rights they are supposed to guard the Queen, manage to get sent off to most wars of any importance. Their marching away this time recalls the romantic scene created by the Queen on the occasion of the Guards leaving for the Crimea. Her Majesty was then forty-five years younger, and with the Prince Consort she stood on a balcony watching the Guards pass by. On a sudden she stooped down, snatched from her foot a white satin shoe, and to bring the boys good luck hurled it after them. Instantly there was a wild scramble for possession of the relic, and some guardsman marched away with it in his knapsack.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

As one of the employed I have been interested in the articles published in the Post under the title, Why Young Men Fail, and as one of the employed in a subordinate position I would like to say a word from that point of view.

The universal complaint of the employer is not so much that young men are wanting in ability as that they are lacking in devotion to their work, and here, if the employer but knew it, is the whole question in a nutshell: Why are the young men not devoted? For, before we can supply any remedies we must know the cause of the malady. To me it seems the employer has given the latter no thought at all. He has produced many examples showing the young man is not devoted, but so far as I can discern has not gone to the core of the disease. The why is so simple it can be told in a line, and the why is this: *They are not in love with their work.*

"But why are they in business then?" the employer asks. Not because they choose, but because they must. [illegible] very well to say that young men should choose the [illegible] they like best; but it is not a matter open to the choice of the young man. He takes what he can get, not what he prefers.

"Well, but," the employer insists, "since he must accept that, why does he not dig in and work not ten hours only, but fourteen hours at a time, and so use in his business."

The reply is this: No matter how honest the young man is toward his employer, even to the degree of being willing to work twelve hours for eight hours' pay, nor how dearly he would like to be called a successful man, he still is human, and where his heart is there will his mind be also, and if his mind longs for other occupation than business, business will never be his field of success. Of a hundred subordinates, perhaps not twenty-five have any real liking for the particular occupations in which circumstances have placed them. Why so many forced into these false positions it would seem is a question of more import to the happiness of mankind than why so many fail after they get into the false positions.

If employers could read the hearts of their subordinates they might be surprised in many ways. They might be surprised to find them so human; they might be surprised to find a multiplicity of private enterprises in which the commercial had no place; they might be surprised to find that some steady mechanical worker lived in a world remote from their lives, and that the extra four hours at the end of the day were the only hours that soul had out of the day to live his own real life.

It must be remembered that there are many kinds of lives to live, and many kinds of successes to win, and that various people long for different experiences and hope for different rewards. Not all are content to learn the ways of commercialism, and although many from necessity are constrained to earn their salt in that manner, the very fact that their hearts are not in the work explains their low position on the ladder. Nor is their life necessarily a failure because they fail to pile up monies or rise to the dizzy glory of being known as merchant princes. Charles Lamb was a humble clerk for thirty-six years, and Spinoza, in a business way, earned but a few sous per diem polishing lenses, but no one familiar with the real business of these men will think they utterly failed.

Give the young man the labor he loves or for which his special talents fit him, and he will be found willing to toil terribly, but all the advice obtainable about the roads between New York and Bombay will not profit the man whose real journey lies, perhaps, between Naishapur and Babylon.

Chicago, Illinois. F. D. WOOLLEN.

[The articles, Why Young Men Fail, published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, have attracted unusual attention in all parts of the country, and many letters have been received from employees asking that their side of the case be stated. The communication above is printed to open a discussion from all points, and the views of employees as well as of employers will be welcome, and everything possible will be done, with the limited space at command, to publish their comments. Of course, the preference is for signed letters, but there may be exceptional circumstances that make this undesirable, and in that case the merit of the matter will be the sole test. In all instances, however, the real names of the writers must accompany the letters of the correspondents.]

One of the remarkable characteristics of the American which strikes us plain, ordinary Englishmen is the rapidity with which they shake down into lofty, haughty aristocrats. I'll admit the simile is a little mixed but it expresses the fact. Notwithstanding popular conception to the contrary, the regular English aristocrat is a pretty knock-about, ordinary, plain man, but the American aristocrat is a most exclusive mortal. Nothing short of a regular, right-down, royal castle as a residence does for him, and the best is not too good for him, either. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, most democratic of souls in the United States, is the most aristocratic of souls in the British Isles. He has a glorious castle in Scotland called Skibo, surrounded by a vast estate upon which he is spending "tons of money." He is having bridges and embankments built, also two large locks constructed on the river to hold the water for boating purposes and for fishing. It is told that into this estate an unholy socialist set his foot and began proselytizing. To a canny old Scottish farmer this unholy socialist was holding forth against the encroaches of the American millionaire-landlord and ended by remarking, "You know, McPherson, that as a good Presbyterian you hold that the earth is the Lord's." "Aye, aye," replied the hard-headed North-countryman, "I ken finely that the earth's the Lord's, but I ken also that it belongs to a deeferent lord in ilka parish."

If any one wants to know how keen the authorities here are on sanitary matters, let him drop a post card with name and address to Mr. Rider Haggard ("Rider Haggard, England," will find the celebrated author, and a foreign postcard costs two cents, I believe). Haggard, laying aside the assegai and elephant gun that have won him fame and filled his coffers, some years ago took to the life of a country gentleman, investing in broad acres. These same broad acres he determined to cultivate on the most modern principles, engaging competent farm superintendents and keeping a strict account of all cash spent and received. He had heard the sorrowful cry of agricultural depression and wanted to know for himself. The author busied himself making notes, and these notes he published under the title, Farmer's Year. The profit and loss account showed a handsome loss on the trading—a loss so big that any one might be proud of it so long as it did not send him into the bankruptcy court. But immediately after the matter was published another serious expenditure became necessary. In one part of the work, Haggard, "by way of illustrating the liability of cattle to ill heath," mentioned that on one of his farms there was a drinking pond liable to contamination. The article had not been three days on the market when a sanitary authority drove up with a copy of the work in his hand, asked to see the pond, investigated the trouble, and ordered some extensive and expensive improvements to be made forthwith.

The father of the Lord Iddesleigh who has just been appointed Governor of Bombay was a patriotic Devonian, and could tell more Devonshire stories in better West Country "brogue" than perhaps any other famous man of his day. One of his favorite ones was of a Devonshire farmer who was a witness on a horse-stealing case. "Tell us what you know about this case," said the prosecuting counsel. "Well, zur," was the reply, "I zeed the prisoner and I zed to he, how about that 'oss, and he zed he didn't know nort about the 'oss." "No, no," the counsel said, "he didn't say *he* knew nothing about the horse; he didn't speak to you in the third person." "Beg your pardon, zur," said the witness, "there wasn't no third pusson present, only him and me." "You don't understand what I mean," was the counsel's petulant reply. "He spoke to you in the *first* person." "You'm wrong agen," said the witness. "I was the fust pusson as spoke to he." At this point the Judge intervened and put the question himself. "You saw the prisoner and you said, 'How about that horse?' and the prisoner answered, 'I know nothing about the horse.'" "I beg your pardon, my lord," said the witness. "He didn't mention your lordship's name at all."

The President of the Oxford University Athletic Club got badly taken in the other day by William Waldorf Astor's son, who has "gone up" from Eton. Young Astor is a shining light in the athletic world, having rowed in the victorious Eton boat at Henley on more than one occasion, and it looks extremely likely that he will be in the University boat against Cambridge before his years at Oxford are ended. Greater glory could no young man have—in England. Astor is a manly young fellow and necessarily popular. Now, the athletics of the Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, are looking forward to paying a visit to America next year to compete against Yale and Harvard in sports, and last week in the President's room at Oxford fell hammer and tongs to discussing the prospects, how they should train and what they should train on.

"You know," said young Astor to the President, "I've been thinking the question of food over, and I believe we're too conservative. I've looked up the subject of food of all nations, and it occurs to me that if we were to adopt the warm-climate diet of the Filipinos we would stand a chance." "Great Heavens!" exclaimed the President, "what do those fellows feed on?" "I don't know exactly, but whatever it is, those Filipinos have shown themselves able to simply run right away from the Yankees. [illegible]

An Unowned LEGACY

By Alice Brown

ANN WALTON was dying, very sweetly, very patiently, as she had done everything all her life long. She had been in consumption for years; and, indeed, the children of the neighborhood could not remember a time when her persistent coughing had not made an event in their long, bright days; for it was the common tradition that she had but one lung, and they looked upon her with awe as something outside the circle of Nature. Her trim cottage remained always a bower of neatness; but before the failure of her bodily strength she had put it in a more exquisite order, preliminary to the great change. Then she had quietly taken to her bed, and hired Bathsheba Shaw to nurse her to the end. Bathsheba, who wasted little thought on the softer phases of life, spoke of her with tears and a melting tone.

"Well, there!" she would say, when the neighbors asked for Ann, "I dunno's she's any wuss. She's hil' her own, so fur. But she acts so ladylike, I never seem to git over it. She can't even take her bitters without sayin' 'Thank 'e'; an' I'll be whipped if she ain't too polite to pucker up her face."

To-day, a tumultuous day in June, Ann lay there in her high four-poster, her wan hands folded on the silk quilt, and her eyes traveling from the elms without to a little hill across the road, where three locusts waved in their summer green. She had a clear-cut face, even more delicate now under the lace of her best nightcap; her eyes were a tranquil blue, and her fine gray hair—of that beautiful silver latent in the blond of youth—was banded smoothly beneath her cap. She seemed an exponent of the spirit, while the flesh, in the person of Bathsheba, broad, healthy-colored, and clad in an indigo blue calico, sat by the window, drawing her thread with resolute sweeps of a muscular arm. Ann's gaze ceased its happy pilgrimage outside the window and came in to rest upon her.

"Bathsheba," she said gently, "I presume you understood how long I meant you should stay? I wanted you should see me through and lay me out."

Bathsheba gave a remonstrating snort and a little toss of the head, intended to show her defiance of destiny.

"Don't you worry," she answered, with a certain kindly roughness. "You won't git red o' me unless I'm summoned before ye. My house is shet up, an' I'm here for good. Don't you worry."

"There's money in the bank," continued Ann. "You'll be paid. I've had this day in mind for a good many years."

"An' to think you earnt it all bindin' shoes!" commented Bathsheba, in a futile plunge after consolation.

"It was neat work," said Ann, in the same gentle fashion. "I never minded it. Bathsheba!" she added, after a ruminating pause. Two little wrinkles came between her eyes. "You come here. Draw up a chair. There's something I've had in mind to say to you for quite a while. I feel pretty strong to-day. I presume likely I never shall have a better day."

Bathsheba was whipping the seams of a broad basque; but, dearly loving a confidence, she dropped the garment at her feet, and rose with alacrity. Story-telling was a part of her own trade, and old tales by the score were hoarded in her mind. She brought a chair to the bedside, smoothed down her apron, and waited. But Ann could not begin. Her eyes wandered to the forsaken place by the window, and the wrinkles deepened between her brows.

"Bathsheba," said she suddenly, in apologetic resolution, "I hope you'll take it as it's intended—but should you just as soon pick up your work and fold it? It fidgets me to see anything left like that."

"Lor', yes!" answered Bathsheba, with large tolerance for a method not her own. She took up the ample basque, brushed it scrupulously, and walked with it across the hall. Once within her own room, she tossed it, helter-skelter, on the bed.

"There," she said glibly, coming back and sinking into her seat. "I thought mebbe you'd feel easier if 'twas laid away in my bureau drawer."

Ann smiled at her gratefully.

"You make a real good nurse, Bathsheba," she said. "Now let me think a minute. I don't know how to commence. It all goes back so many years. Everything seems to when you've got to my age."

"Lor'!" said Bathsheba, "age ain't nothin'. You ain't more'n ten years older'n I be, an' I lifted a wash-bilier full o' suds yesterday. I shouldn't ha' set it down then, if Brad Freeman hadn't come in an' started me laughin'."

"It's more than years," said Ann. "It's the way life seems to you. Now let me get on before my cough begins. You see, Bathsheba, I want you to promise to do something for me after I'm laid away, and never to tell a soul I asked you to."

"Forever!" remarked Bathsheba. "Well, I guess you can make your mind easy. My tongue ain't hung in the middle."

Ann was watching her with keen, insistent eyes.

"I've made my will," she continued. "I've left this house to Cousin Jonas, down in Devonport. It's only right he should have it. His father owned it before mine. But there's that money in the bank; I earnt it, and I've got a right to it. Now I want that money to go somehow to Jim Scott—Deacon Scott, you know—to buy him something he wouldn't have without. And I don't want him ever to know!" Her cheeks had taken on a faded rose. She raised herself a little on her pillow, and laid a tremulous touch on Bathsheba's sleeve. Bathsheba remained silent for a moment, wondering.

"Ain't you gittin' a mite feverish?" was all that occurred to her to say. But Ann swept the question aside with an impatient movement of the hand.

"So I've left the money to you, and you've got to use it for him; except twenty-five dollars of it, over and above your wages. You keep that, to pay you for your trouble. I wish Obed could have some of it, too!" she added, in much anxiety of thought. "But I've been over that, and I can't fix it. You see, he went out West, years and years ago, and I haven't seen his folks. No, it'll have to be Jim." But the problem evidently dwelt with her as one capable of solution.

Bathsheba seemed to gather herself together to consider it, in her turn.

"Well," she said, in perplexity, "I'm willin' to do all't anybody could; but what beats me is why you don't leave it to the Deacon right out."

Ann looked at her in a mild reproach. When she did speak, it was with a dignity Bathsheba had never seen in her before.

"I prefer he shouldn't know of it," she said. "I don't say I should mind one or two other folks helping plan it out, if they were such as I could trust. Wherever I am, I don't want to be talked over; but I've got to take my risk of that. Why, I wouldn't have Jim think I would!" She had lifted her head momentarily from the pillow, and held it high, with some spirit. By a sudden inspiration, Bathsheba divested her own mind of her present vision of Deacon Scott, a dull old man, content to potter about the house and sit smiling in the sun, and resurrected the image of young Jim Scott as she, too, remembered him in her early days.

"My soul!" she ejaculated, the light breaking in on her. "Did he want you?" The love of romance brightened her eyes, and she bent forward, laying a finger on Ann's ruffled sleeve. Ann dropped her lids and sank back on the pillow.

"I use to go to school with Jim," she replied, with an evasive dignity. "We used some o' the same books. Obed, too."

"Why," continued Bathsheba excitedly, pulling open one door of memory after another, forgetful of her listener, "they were own brothers! Their father died—old Squire Scott—when Jim was eighteen or more. They worked like kittens together for five or six year—yes, it must ha' been more—carryin' on the farm. An' then one day they had words together, out in the hayfield, an' Jim struck Obed, and Obed knocked Jim down with the fork. An' that afternoon Obed packed his things an' started out West. Land' how old Mis' Scott cried! I heerd her myself when I went by from school. An' Obed married out there, an' never come home for his mother's funeral; an' Jim took up with Jane Giles. It's clear as day! Why, Ann, you don't say!" The *finale* of the story was breaking upon her. "I'll be whipped if I don't believe they both wanted you, an' 'twas you they quarreled about. Now, ain't that so?"

"There's something I've had in mind to say to you for quite a while. I feel pretty strong to-day. I presume likely I never shall have a better day"

But Ann seemed to have withdrawn into a citadel of reserve. "Some things are past and gone, Bathsheba," she remarked gently. "Jim married, and so did Obed. It's poor work harping on one string."

"But which one did you favor?" persisted Bathsheba, bending more eagerly forward. "You must ha' favored one!"

A tender look of reminiscence stole over the sick woman's face. "I guess," she said slowly, "if I had my life to live over again——" but there she paused, and Bathsheba dared ask no more.

After Ann had taken her beef-tea she seemed eager to end the subject, as she had longed, all her life, to set her little world in a permanent order; precision and haste, with her, went hand in hand.

"I don't know as I've made it exactly plain," she began, "how I want you to use it. Jim Scott's got a good home. They make him as welcome as the day. But what I should like would be to have my money buy him something he wouldn't have any other way. If Obed could come in for it, too—but that's neither here nor there."

She grew light-h[illegible] on the same day t[illegible] apparent surprise, the fact that the dead woman's savings must pass into the hands of Bathsheba Shaw.

"I presume you took care of her a good while," he said to Bathsheba. "It's likely she felt it." Then he drove away, and Bathsheba was left with her consciousness of money in the bank, and that exciting sense of importance.

When the little blue bank-book came into her possession she looked at it with a timid reverence; it seemed to have passed directly from a chilling hand to hers. She set it up on the "mantel-tree" where it would confront her in her waking thoughts; and when she went to bed it lay under her pillow. Why not ask Isabel North, the school teacher, to write a letter to a certain niece, married and living in Boston, to tell her the wonderful news? But, after all, the half not to be told was more marvelous than any open fact. For a day she sat down and hugged to herself her happy sense of possession; then, before its novelty cooled, she pressed eagerly on to the next act of the little drama, and began to plan the disposal of the money. She might keep her own twenty-five dollars to bury herself. She chuckled to think that now at last she, who had hardly known where her coffin was coming from, could be sure of a silver plate and handles. Or, if the glory of this world was to be preferred to a posthumous magnificence, she might paint her house, or build a new "pick" fence. Bathsheba fell into a luxury of dreams, all the more alluring in that she had determined to spend nothing for herself until her greater task was done. The fact that she was trustee for another, and that in very dramatic fashion, demanded more immediate zeal; and one morning, her heart loud in her bosom, she set off to call at the Scotts'. The very presence of the Deacon must suggest some channel wherein his riches might flow.

Everything about the Scott farmhouse indicated, not only prosperity, but an unswerving devotion to the gods of time and place. Cynthia, the daughter-in-law, was one who swept the dooryard in spring, when Nature demands that observance even of the unfaithful, and at least tri-weekly through the summer. She was sitting on the front steps as Bathsheba opened the white gate and took her way up the path. Cynthia was stemming currants; and she did it with a rapid carefulness, casting a sharp look at the stems as they fell lest one find its way into the grass. Behind her on the piazza sat Deacon Jim, stroking the cat, who was holding herself erect with an air of patronage on the [illegible] Bathsheba glanced at the old man in quickening interest. He was the unconscious hero of a living drama; moreover, he was her ward. She felt the glow of ownership.

"Good day, Bashaby," called Mrs. Scott, glancing up at her with kindliness, and remembering to keep a sharp eye on her currants. "You got started early. Set down here a minute, will you? I'm goin' in to rights."

Bathsheba seated herself at an angle, to steal an occasional glance at her charge.

"How do, Deacon?" she asked, including them both in her nod.

Deacon Scott had a large, solemn face, with an abundance of straight white hair. His blue eyes were very contented, and he stroked the cat as if he meant to do it always.

"He don't want for nothin'," remarked Bathsheba to that trustworthy confidant, herself. "Lor'! what a waste o' money. How does he seem?" she asked of Cynthia, with the simple directness of country folk.

"Father?" responded Mrs. Scott, also glancing back at him. "Oh, he holds his own! Don't you, father?"

The old man smiled meaningly. He seemed to invest everything touching himself with a fictitious importance.

"I dunno but I do!" he answered, like a child pretending to manliness.

"You never can git anything out o' him," said Mrs. Scott. "The land! My fingers are all thumbs to-day. I wisht I could keep them currant stems out o' the grass."

Bathsheba followed her movements, the while her own thoughts hovered about the old man.

"How particular you be!" she said abstractedly. "What you doin' so many currants for?—pies?"

"No; jelly." Cynthia was gathering a few stray leaves in her apron.

"Why, ye don't stem 'em fur jelly, do ye?"

"I do," answered Cynthia, with an air of conscious rectitude. "Seems dretful shif'less not to. There, I'm goin' in now to heat these up. You walk in, Bashaby. I dunno's I'm very mannerly to keep you out here so long."

Bathsheba spoke decisively, from a sudden inspiration.

"I'll set here a spell longer," she answered. "Don't you mind me. I like out door air."

Mrs. Scott looked a brief surprise, but her mind was on the currants and she stepped briskly over the sill. Bathsheba, too eager for diplomacy, turned at once to Deacon Jim.

"Deacon," she began in a low and strenuous tone, "you don't want for nothin', do ye? Speak right out!"

The old man turned his blue eyes upon her with a pompous consideration.

"You might git me a drink o' water," he answered, after due pause. "The dipper's out there to the well. Don't ye turn it into a goblet. I'd rather go dry."

"Water? I ain't a goin' to wait on ye!" said Bathsheba hastily. A quick step had sounded in the hall. Her precious moments were going. "You tell me now! Think quick! Don't ye want suthin' bought for ye? A suit o' clo'es—or a buffalo robe—or a gold watch chain—or—or a silver cake basket?"

■

She spoke without premeditation, mingling her own dearest ambitions and those of a masculine fancy in unconsidered tumult. The cat reared herself, and bent her back in the luxurious semicircle of a great stretch.

"Pussy! Pussy!" repeated the old man soothingly. He lifted her gently to the floor with trembling hands. Bathsheba had lost her brief hold on his wandering attention. She saw it, and knew herself baffled.

"Lor' sux!" she cried wrathfully, "you pay some heed to me!" But Cynthia crossed the entry bearing another pan of currants and returned to her place on the steps.

"Isabel North's helpin' me to-day," she began. "She's watchin' the currants while they do. But I've got to spring when it's time to put in the sugar. I wouldn't trust it to no other hands."

"Here," said Bathsheba, "you push the pan over this way a mite an' let me stem, too." She was hot with disappointment; even the currants might prove a vent. Muttering to herself, she cast back a fiery glance at the old man. Mrs. Scott moved her knees a little with involuntary recoil and drew the pan out of Bathsheba's reach.

"I guess you better not," she said evasively. "Jest as much obliged." Bathsheba was known as a strictly neat woman, but Cynthia could not have accepted her services until the alien dust of the summer air had been scrubbed from her fingers. But Bathsheba never minced matters.

■

"You're sure Isabel North scoured her hands?" she asked, in sarcastic innocence. "Mebbe there's a mite o' chalk dust left. She kep' school yesterday."

Cynthia had no sense of humor.

"Oh, I see to that," she answered. "I found her a piece o' pummy an' she gi'n her hands a real good rub. Isabel's terrible smart. I dunno what I should do if she didn't offer me a lift Saturdays."

"Well, ye ain't got any o' your own," said Bathsheba, rising. "Runnin' in an' out so, I s'pose ye don't see no difference."

"I dunno about that! But it's all in the family. You know her mother was own cousin to me. I wonder what she'd say if she could hear what Isabel's got into her head now!"

"What?" asked Bathsheba absently. There was scanty interest for her in this dribbling talk. Her visit had failed. She wanted to get home and think it over.

"Why, she's goin' to give up her school, come fall, an' go round readin'. She won't make her salt. But there! let her try it. Abiel says 'twon't do her no hurt to find out what she's made of. My soul! has she put in that sugar? Suthin's ketched. I smell burnin'!" She snatched her pan and sped indoors, leaving behind her a tragic train of stems. Bathsheba, impelled to retrieve a lost situation, rapidly mounted the steps and approached the old man's chair. He was gazing placidly off into the distance, his lips forming a noiseless tune. She put down her face on a level with his, and looked sharply at him. Her hand was on his shoulder, and involuntarily she shook him a little.

"See here!" said she, with elaborate distinctness, "was you acquainted with Ann Walton?"

His eyes were arrested in their vacuous course. Bathsheba felt as if she had jostled a sleeping soul.

"Ann Walton?" he repeated. "Ann Walton? Yes. She used to wear a pink gownd."

Bathsheba was trembling.

"Yes," she insisted, "yes, she wore a pink gownd."

"An' Obed an' I, we fell foul o' one another that day out in the lot." His face deepened into pathetic wrinkles as if he were going to cry. Of his own accord, now, he looked up at Bathsheba. "Ye ain't see Obed?" he asked.

Cynthia's heralding voice resounded through the hall.

"'Twa'n't burnin'," she announced with bustling cheerfulness. "Isabel got her some bread an' sugar, an' she dropped a mite on the stove. Why, you ain't goin'?"

"Yes, I be." Bathsheba felt her defeat.

"I ain't said half I might. Land! see them currant stems. No, don't you puck 'em up. I'll git the broom. Well, Bashaby, I s'pose you'll be holdin' your head above common folks now you've come into so much money?"

"I guess I ain't much changed," said Bathsheba. She could not deny herself one wrathful glance at Deacon Jim. If she ever laid hands on him again, the encounter should not be cursory.

"Le's see, how much was it she left you?" asked Cynthia.

"Over two hundred dollars, wa'n't it?"

"That's about what the book says," answered Bathsheba evasively. Until that minute it had hardly occurred to her that, in the village mind, she was sole legatee. They thought her a rich woman. Involuntarily she put up her head.

"Mean to keep it laid by, or be ye goin' to spend it?" called Cynthia after her, forgetting the work of her hands. But Bathsheba, having once accepted her exaltation, was prepared. She assumed quite a stately air in stepping down the path, and nodded back mysteriously.

"I guess 'twon't be wasted," she said with dignity. "There's ways enough."

As she walked along the country road her importance wrapped her about, to her own fancy like a cloth of gold. She smoothed her apron, and set her large feet firmly, gazing before her upon a vista of worldly ease and pleasure. This was much money. It seemed to her, for the moment, as if she had everything; and so, indeed, she had, except youth—and that she had never missed.

■

"I could raise the ruff," she murmured exultantly. "I could put on blinds. I could have me a monument set up whilst I'm alive, an' go down to the buryin' ground with my knittin' of an afternoon."

The glamour of an entirely unexpected prosperity had wrought its miracle upon her little world. And then suddenly, blightingly, loomed up before her, as uninvited as the clearer vision, old Jim Scott, with his solemn unresponsive face, and his involuntary claim upon her, and there began in Bathsheba's heart the old, eternal warfare between the things we must not do and the things we would. She fell into a slow fever of mental debate, it lasted not only that day but many weeks. Deacon Jim wanted for nothing. What was he capable of enjoying beyond the few necessaries of a simple life? His daily comforts were better than abundant luxuries. Not only that, but her mental perplexity made the situation intolerable. Again and again did she knock at the door of that cloistered mind; silence answered her and the sound of her own knocking. She fell into rages with the old man's exasperating personality, and though her passion oftener spent itself in obdurate [illegible] sometimes it

"WE'VE GOT TO TALK OVER OLD TIMES, AIN'T WE?"

burst forth in angry sobs, greatly surprising to Bathsheba herself. Then followed the hours when she entered into a mental possession of the money, and grew stout-nerved again, only to make up for that respite by other intervals of futile casuistry. She loved the little sum with an absorbing love—so keenly that, even if she must throw it away, it seemed to her impossible to do it otherwise than in some perfect fashion. At such times of angry seeking she would haunt the Scott farmhouse, and in her moments of seeing the Deacon alone ply him with queries conceived in her days of brooding. She asked him questions calculated, in the ear of another listener, to consign herself to Bedlam. If Cynthia left the room, Bathsheba would slip over to the old man in his great chair and whisper sibilantly:

"Wake up! Should you like a hoss an' carriage all your own? Do you want a monument? Do you feel to go an' board a month in Boston an' see the sights? Do you want a new coat with brass buttons? Should you like a bay winder built on to your bedroom?"

The Deacon grew to be a little afraid of her, and shrank from her like a threatened child. Even Cynthia noticed the atmospheric disturbance attendant on her visits.

■

"I dunno what's got into Bashaby to come runnin' over here so much," she said one day privately to her husband. "She seems possessed to talk with father. I dunno but she thinks she might get him."

Abiel Scott was a mild man, with a strong sense of the conventional.

"I dunno's I'd speak like that if I was you," he remarked, and Cynthia said no more.

But there came a day when Bathsheba determined to make her decision and abide by it. She was a woman of rude health, and the warfare of good and evil had told heavily upon her. She grew distraught and haggard, and sleep had forsaken her pillow. The money was still less an inanimate thing than in the beginning: it was now not only a creature to be dearly loved, but it seemed almost capable of loving her in return. She ran desperately over to Cynthia's, and as if fate had thrown him into her hands, there sat the old man alone. The very sight of him awoke in her a new ruthlessness, for the moment it seemed as if he had made her suffer willingly.

"Here!" she began sternly, with one of her admonitory shakes, "you tell me now if there's anythin' you want. It's the last time I shall ask. You hear? It's the last time, an' you dunno what you're losin'!"

The Deacon sat motionless, and looked into her face with his accustomed air of pitiful appeal.

"You never'd ha' dast to treat me so if Obed hadn't gone away," he said, like a wilfully grieving child. "He'd ha' took my part!"

"Obed! Obed!" repeated Bathsheba, beyond the pale of patience. "That's all you think about. If you're so fond of him, what'd you lick him for? What was the matter, that day out in the lot? Wa'n't it about *her*?"

■

"I wisht you'd let me be," whimpered the Deacon fretfully. "If you know where Obed is, you tell him to come in here. You tell him I say so. I want to make it up with him. I'll take the fust step."

And then Cynthia entered, with an armful of wood, and Bathsheba said good by.

"Obed! Obed!" she complained to herself, as she walked home along the road dressed now in its autumn russet, red and gold. "He don't want nothin' under the sun but what he can't have." And then she saw Isabel North coming toward her, tall, fresh, almost beautiful in the splendor of a new hope.

Isabel had determined on plunging for her pearl, and the completed decision invested her with a radiance beyond that of youth alone. Bathsheba had always liked her. Isabel had resolved to "make suthin'" of herself, and that spark of ambition corresponded to something within the older woman.

"Well, Isabel," she said admiringly, "so you're goin' to try it?"

"Yes," answered the girl in her full, skilfully modulated voice, "I'm going. I mean to start in the towns where I know somebody, and if I have good luck, I may bring up 'way out West. You know Uncle Obed—we always call him uncle—lives in Iowa. Well, his folks want me to come: and I don't know but I shall."

A little seed was germinating in Bathsheba's mind: now it sprang up into bloom. She breathed hard, her black eyes burned.

"Isabel North," said she, "you turn right round with me, an' set down on this 'ere rock. I'm goin' to tell you suthin.' An' don't you tell. Long as you live, don't you tell!"

Isabel looked upon her with wondering but very steadfast eyes. Yet she was not entirely surprised. It was easy for her to inspire confidence, perhaps from her own mental poise and the integrity of her New England womanhood. Many had trusted her before.

"No," she answered clearly, "I won't tell."

She sat down on the great rock where a brilliant blackberry vine clung with faithful fingers, and there, falling into a pose of patience, she waited. Bathsheba could not sit, she

was too excited, too much in love. The crucial moment had come; she was [illegible] herself on the side of safety by sharing her secret, and Isabel seemed, for some reason, especially commissioned to bear its weight. She began with that sunny day of Ann Walton's death, and told the whole story. To Isabel's surprise she kept repeating the fierce interpolation, "An' that money ain't mine! On'y twenty-five dollars on't is mine!" until the girl said reassuringly:

"Why, no, of course it isn't yours!" But she could not know that Bathsheba had spent it over and over again in hours of daring fancy; nor could she guess why, at her own assent, the woman put one hand up to her gnarly throat as if something hurt her there.

Bathsheba was giving up the money in a helpless kind of way quite lacking in dramatic pleasure. Like most ideal triumphs, hers appeared very dull and heavy in its outward guise; perhaps she had wasted such energy in attaining it that there was none left wherewith to enjoy. "An' that old creatur' don't want for a thing!" she concluded passionately. "Not a thing! If you was to give him the township, he wouldn't know he had it! If he's got one grain o' sense left, it's for Obed, Obed. An' it come into my head that if you was goin' there an' you could bring him some kind of a word from Obed it might tickle him for a minute. Somehow that quarrel's connected with Ann Walton I dunno how, but 'tis."

Isabel looked straight into Bathsheba's face and smiled. She tapped her pursed lips two or three times with her finger, as if bidding them keep for a moment their enjoyment of a secret all their own. Then she bent forward, and touched Bathsheba lightly on the arm, with a little significant gesture.

"What if," she said slowly, "what if I should bring Uncle Obed back with me to make a visit? What if I should take that money and pay his way?"

The thought was one after Bathsheba's own heart. It was like a story, that pleased her abundantly. To go out into the mysterious West, full of adventure and deadly danger, and bring back an unknown man! She struck her hands together.

"My Lord above!" she cried. "It's got to be."

"Nobody'll know how much money I make," continued Isabel. Her eyes were dancing; autumn breezes blew the little rings of hair about her face. "Nobody's got any business to say I sha'n't use it any way I please. Whose affair is it if I take a fancy to Uncle Obed, and bring him East for a visit, I'd like to know?"

Bathsheba gave a moment to thought. "You do it," she agreed solemnly. "You do it. There! I can't talk no more." She turned away, shamefacedly aware of a sob in her throat. Something had died. "Don't you write to me!" she called back in a parting salute. "I'm a terrible poor hand to read writin', now it's changed so. But you do it!"

By the end of the next week news had reached Tiverton Hollow, on those invisible wings known to rumor, that Bathsheba had drawn all her money out of the Sudleigh Bank, and she became at once conscious of a pleasing influx of social importance. For she had, as she told Isabel North in high glee, a "stiddy stream o' callers," with the transparent object of finding out what she proposed doing with her wealth. Bathsheba had glorious moments in evading the onslaught. She "dressed up" every afternoon, in an anticipation seldom denied, and she developed an unexpected subtlety of retort on the subject of finance. To the preliminary interrogation only did she reply with any clearness. She had drawn her money; that she owned. She was not afraid of being murdered in her bed, because the money was not in the house. And she had invested it. Beyond that she would not speak. Her enforced obstinacy won her, through the fall, a constant succession of delights. Existence seemed very rich to Bathsheba that year. She reflected that all the absorbing events of her life had, with a sort of periodic fluctuation, risen and flowed toward her with the yellowing leaf. She thought philosophically of these tides of being, and, with a sage reverence to the past, prophesied to herself that this wave would break about Thanksgiving time. For so it had happened before.

On a beguiling forenoon in November she mounted Cynthia's steps. All the doors and windows in Tiverton were wide open that day to let in the languorous air.

"Hear anythin' from Isabel?" she called.

Cynthia was sweeping in the entry overhead.

"Lor', yes," answered she, through a cloud of dust. "Didn't you hear? She's comin' to spend Thanksgivin', an' she's bringin' Uncle Obed with her. We're real pleased, but I dunno how she got him started. Father seems to sense it a mite. He's pleased, too."

Bathsheba made no reply save by a chuckle intended for herself alone. She darted across the clock room, and pounced upon Deacon Jim, where he lay luxuriously on the lounge, the county paper on his chest.

"Here," she broke forth, in one of her dramatic whispers, "Obed's comin'! You speak to him now! you talk it all out! Obed! you hear me? Obed!"

The old man shrank away from her, but a little spark of interest awakened in his eyes.

"You le' me be," he cried, trying to struggle to his feet. "You le' me alone. Though if Obed's comin' in here I want to see him."

"I'll be down as soon as I git this dust swep' up," called Cynthia; but Bathsheba had fled.

She laughed to herself all the way home, from the springs of a bubbling happiness. She had never quarreled with life save for its lack of incident, and now it was beginning to justify itself. Something was to be had out of the money, after all.

The sweet Indian summer continued, and every day Bathsheba sat by her window. One afternoon she saw Abiel Scott drive by in his two-seated wagon, her time was near. The train would reach Sudleigh at three; in an hour and a half he would be driving back. At half-past four she was on her way to the Scotts', and when the wagon overtook her she had reached the yard. Isabel had come; an old man, too, and a young one. The girl gave her a little triumphant call in passing, but Bathsheba could not answer save by one hawklike glance. Her steps were those of a messenger, too excited even for thought. No one remembered her at the door, and when the newcomers went in she was among them. She hardly noticed the younger man; Obed filled all her vision. He was iron-gray, with a haggard cheek; he wore a fleeting resemblance to his brother, but quite apparently he had been born gentler and more sensitive. His clothes were threadbare; yet, though poverty enwrapped him, he was evidently the sort of man to be enriched by such a meeting. Even Cynthia felt its unusual character. She was propelling her father forward by a hand on his arm.

"Father," she was saying, "you look here. That's your brother Obed! Your brother Obed, father!"

"Here' you tell me now if there's anythin' you want"

The broken old man awakened into a life amazing to them all. He advanced with the firmness of maturity and put out his hand. But not to the man who stood there trembling, with a fine dew in his sad brown eyes.

"Obed!" he repeated. "Obed! I should 'a' known ye anywheres. I'm ready to take the fust step!" But it was the younger man he saw, and he, with quick understanding, gave one glance at his grandfather and then accepted his borrowed place.

"Why, father," began Cynthia, but the real Obed laid an arresting touch upon her shoulder.

"Don't you say a word," he warned her. "He remembers what we used to be. I'd rather have it so."

He guided his brother to the sofa and there the three sat down, the old generation and the new. Deacon Jim held the young man's hand. He looked into his eyes with a fondness no one had seen in him since his own lost days.

"We've got to talk over old times, ain't we?" he asked, as from a dream. "I dunno if you remember that fishin' rod I give ye?"

"Yes," answered Obed from the other side. "I remember."

The old man turned and looked at him; he seemed to accept a fusion of personalities which was thereafter to exist unbroken in his mind. Then the others left the three in one of the many long talks that were to follow, wherein the young man was always to be Obed and his grandfather to supply the heart and memory of the union. Bathsheba slipped out into the entry, and Isabel followed her.

"Well, I guess you've got suthin' out on't for yourself," remarked Bathsheba quizzically. "He's real handsome, ain't he?"

"Not a cent of money left," said Isabel in a whisper. The tears were wet on her cheeks, but she did not regard them. "Of course you understand Francis came on his own account. Yes, I think he's good-looking. He's going into business in Boston. I'll have the money ready for him."

Bathsheba looked at her in a queer helplessness. She was still unused to emotion, and the moment daunted her with its attendant clamor of unshed tears.

"I won't [illegible]," she cried. "You keep [illegible] do suthin' for them two. Fishin'-rods or suthin'." She burst into unsteady laughter and fled out along the road.

"I should think Bathsheba was bewitched to come here when we're all up in arms so," said Cynthia, bustling out to straighten the rug. But Isabel answered gravely:

"Bathsheba's a real good woman."

Behind the Scenes

By Robert Loveman

BEHIND the scenes the kings and queens
Are merely mortals, Juliet leans,
A tired girl, against the screens,
Behind the scenes.

The final act is on, and lo!
The loving heart of Romeo
Must crack with misery and woe;
The noble Paris, too, shall die,

And tears spring up in every eye;
Then exit all, while rogue and saint
Are scrubbing off the mask of paint,
Behind the scenes.

How to Obtain Honest Employees

By Charles F. Wingate

EVERY little while some confidential clerk or accountant robs his employer and runs away to Europe the newspapers wonder if any one can be trusted. If men are naturally crooked it is hard to make them straight. No method of bookkeeping will prevent fraud by collusion. Setting detectives to "shadow" clerks is no security. Witness the case of Bedell, the mortgage thief, and the notorious Flack, who supported two families and lived a veritable Jekyll and Hyde career for years. A bank President jokingly said to a teller, "Isn't there some way to watch you fellows?" The teller grimly replied, "Who is to watch the watchers?"

Despite the colossal robberies by a few daring defaulters, the mass of mankind are undoubtedly honest. If it were not so the business of the world would stand still. A railway official declares that "all the stealing on all the roads in the Union doesn't amount to a hill of beans" in view of the chances for theft. From 1861 to 1869, covering the Civil War, the losses of the National Government by fraud were only 46 cents per $1000. During two years of President Hayes' Administration they were eight tenths of a mill, while one department which handled millions suffered no loss whatever.

It is the general verdict that the only way to prevent defalcations is to secure men of good antecedents, pay them a living wage, and not expose them to temptation. Mr. Brassey, who employed 60,000 men in all parts of the world, was never robbed of a shilling because he trusted his men and paid them well.

Many merchants by carelessly noting transactions on old envelopes and scraps of paper encourage fraud. Business enterprises may grow so fast that proper checks and safeguards are not supplied. The colossal loss of the Bank of England, amounting to $1,250,000, shows that even the largest and most conservative moneyed institutions must use certain precautions. Few merchants understand bookkeeping sufficiently not to be fooled by a smart accountant. A bookkeeper has less chance of stealing than a salesman, but when he takes anything he usually makes a big haul. Yet men hire cheap accountants, let them run things as they choose, and then wonder that they are cheated.

A leading merchant says: "Hire clean men and pay them decently and they won't steal. You can't get $100 worth of work out of a $15 clerk." Bread and butter men seldom go wrong. It is the smart and ambitious chaps who like to take a flyer in stocks who need watching. Albert H. Smith, who stole $400,000 in six years by "raising" stock certificates, said the devil got hold of him the instant he saw how easily the word eight could be changed to eighty. The money all went in speculating.

The handling of cash should be confined to a few. Bonds and securities should be registered. In examining accounts, nothing should be taken for granted. The Standard Oil Company sends a staff of experts four times a year to each branch office, who rigorously examine every entry and voucher. Railway, express and telegraph companies require monthly returns. Some employers prefer "personal" to corporate bonds because a man will hesitate to make a friend suffer by his misbehavior. Others argue that a surety company makes more rigid investigations into character and habits, while if a man "goes wrong" he knows that he will surely be prosecuted. A leading express company requires every one to give a bond, scrutinizes all applicants, pays each man liberally, gives pensions after twenty years' service, and if a man steals five dollars they will spend $5000 to land him in jail.

The example of successful "bosses," "railway wreckers" and "robber barons" to have won wealth and fame by questionable means has a corroding influence on the young. "The fig tree looking on the fig tree becometh fruitful," and it is natural that the questionable methods of successful men should often be copied with dire results. "You should steal a doormat rather than rob a bank," says Mr. Dooley, but the lesson in time comes home to every one that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and honesty is the best rule of life.

The Cost of Seeing the PARIS Exposition

By Vance Thompson

SOMEHOW or other the best part of life is sadly complicated with paying bills. There are annoying philosophical persons who will tell you that the cheapest pleasures are the best. They have pretty anecdotes of the cheap trips they have taken—the wonderful journeys they have made all over Europe on five francs a day. They point out to you Robert Louis Stevenson, wayfaring over the white roads of France, mounted on an economical donkey. And it all seems very feasible until you try it. Then you discover that somehow or other this is an evil age for the gipsy, despite the books.

It costs money to see the things worth seeing. Now when you come to Paris for the great Exposition of 1900, you may as well put aside all ideas of doing it cheaply. You may figure it all out from some specious prospectus—traveling so much, hotel so much, extras so much; and when you add up all your bills you will find what the single-taxers call an unearned increment. You won't know where it came from nor how it got there, but there it will be—staring you out of countenance.

THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING

In the first place, prices in Paris, which are always high enough I assure you, have already begun to spin up. The good ministers who rule France got together the other day and voted themselves an additional million francs of salary—because living will be so much dearer next year. But what of us, who are not good ministers, and who see ourselves menaced by the rise in potatoes and beefsteaks?

I shall try and give you an idea of how you may see the Exposition—and Paris—with more or less comfort and with greater or less expenditure, as you please.

The young man who is gipsily inclined—who has his wits about him, who speaks French, and who is not a snob, may do very well with a few dollars. He will travel [illegible] bag or two—and [illegible] Paris he will live up to his [illegible]. Suppose he intends to spend two months here. Probably he will know better than to come alone, for he who has a traveling companion halves expenses and doubles his joy. He and his chum, then, would take a furnished room in the Latin Quarter.

WHY ONE SHOULD CHOOSE THE LEFT BANK

There are a number of reasons for selecting the Left Bank. In the first place, it is still the most picturesque quarter of Paris. One there has something of the old swagger—goes as it were, in a slashed doublet, its plumed hat taking the wind. And then it will be easy to reach the Exposition by the many steamers, by numerous trams and buses, or by striking out, heel and toe, along the quays. And finally, among the old streets and squares of the Latin Quarter, in some dusty, rat-haunted old building, one may live cheaply.

Surely travel is a mockery if one brings with him all his home habits. To come to Paris and live in an American hotel—go to the American church—drink tea with the American colony—may be patriotic, but it is evidently absurd. What one wants—and it is the best travel can give—is the new atmosphere, the new view of life, the exceptional outlook. And it is for this reason I would advise the adventurous young man who is coming here for the Exposition to make his home in the Latin Quarter. He will not find it quite what he expects. It will not remind him of Du Maurier or of Henri Murger. But it will be as different from anything he has known in his days at home—college life or the life of the great city—as he can well imagine.

—it is still the most picturesque quarter of Paris

BREAKFASTING AT TEN SOUS

He will meet men who are moved by alien ideas, some good, some bad, all different. He will recognize how small is the segment of human life he has known: how narrow and confined his horizon.

Ordinarily he could get a room that would be quite good enough for ten or twelve dollars the month. Next year he will pay a trifle more—say sixteen dollars the month, including all the necessary fees. Speaking French, as he does, for better or worse—indeed, speaking a foreign language is uncommonly like matrimony—he will have no trouble in arranging this matter. Being sage and thrifty he will take his coffee and rolls at one of the little cafés in the Quarter for ten cents the day. There remains the interesting difficulty of dinner and supper, for even in Bohemia one lunches and sups. At first he will probably spend the greater part of his time on the Exposition grounds. There he will find restaurants of the first, second and third class. He may dine if he will for sixty cents, or he may follow the fashion of nine-tenths of the provincial Frenchmen who come up to Paris and eat sandwiches on the grass. [illegible] this he will dine in the evening, when his sightseeing is done—or in "the Quarter." He may dine for what he will there. I remember one of those little restaurants—a "station" of my student days—where you could get off famously for a franc, including a sou for the waiter. It was all delightfully noisy—the old *patron* cutting up long rolls of bread, the waiters balancing pyramids of plates, the banging of the glass door into the street, the cataracts of dirty dishes shot down the inclined plane to the kitchen, the shouts of the hungry students, the orders of the waiters, and the deep, underground "Ho!" of the cook. We used to have a sort of soup that cost six sous—or cents—but perhaps the less said about it the better. Then another popular six-cent dish was a "bifteck," an artful combination of horse and India rubber. A dish of vegetables for three cents, cheese for the same modest sum, brought the bill up to eighteen cents and left a cent for the fee and change out of the franc. Of course we drank water—tepid water out of hazy carafes.

—it is still the most picturesque quarter of Paris

SIGHTSEEING AT $7.40 THE WEEK

In order to make this article authentic I went to one of these little restaurants in the Latin Quarter the other day. I intended to eat that eighteen cent dinner, but somehow or other, at the last moment, my courage failed. I compromised with my stomach and gave it a dinner for thirty cents, which was very good indeed.

You see, it can be done by any young man who can speak French.

In addition, his admission tickets to the Exposition, which he can buy at wholesale rates, will cost him twenty cents the day. His weekly expense account will then look something like this:

Room (one [illegible]) $10 a month	[illegible]
M[illegible]ffee	[illegible]
Gipsy lunch	[illegible]
Dinner at thirty cents	[illegible]
Entrance to Exposition	[illegible]
Laundry	[illegible]
Total	$7.40

Now the ideal young man, who speaks French, can do it on seven dollars and forty cents the week, if he wants to—he can do it on less. Even if he has only a smattering of French he need not spend much more. For ten dollars the week he should be able to [illegible] on a proper gipsy fashion and see all there is to be seen in Paris at the century's end.

There are ways of roughing it in Paris, as everywhere else. A man and his wife might do the same thing. It would be an experience that she, at all events, would not be likely to forget.

HOW A FAMILY SHOULD LIVE

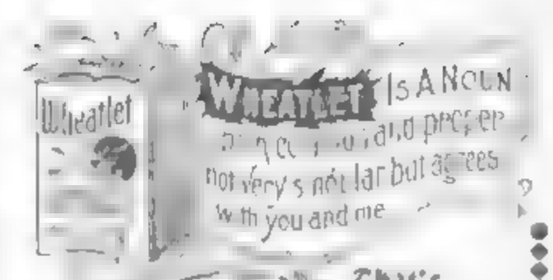
The average couple however, I should advise to seek the protecting hospitality of a pension, which is our old friend the boarding house. They are scattered all over Paris. In Passy, at the doors of the Exposition, one may find the right sort of a pension for two, three or four dollars the day according to the accommodations. These you will understand, are Exposition prices. For three dollars the day one can get a comfortable room and a good bourgeois table. Huge houses for furnished apartments are going up all over Paris. They are erected and managed by responsible companies, solely for housing visitors to the great show. At any one of them you may arrange for room and board at a rate of about twenty dollars the week; and this, it is to be borne in mind, includes admissions to the Exposition, guides, and everything else that the way [illegible]s. Of course one is herded in with a lot of people one doesn't know, but for the stranger, anyway, there is safety in a crowd.

As for the family—the wisest thing a man with a large family can do in Paris in that next expensive year will be to take a furnished apartment. If he is only going to stay a week or two he will doubtless go to a hotel or pension. But for a stay of, say, two months he will find the apartment quite as cheap and much more comfortable. A respectable flat well situated, properly equipped, capable of accommodating five or six people, will cost about one hundred and fifty dollars the month, or as much more as you please as much less as you dare. A maid of all work who will do everything (even the marketing) will cost eight dollars the month. The laundry will average fifty cents the week for each person, and a trifle more for the household linen. As for the table expenses—they will be about double those in the average American city.

Your ideal, like mine I dare say, is to find a way of living with safety, convenience and delight. It is not always easy; in Paris next year it will be doubly difficult; still, as you may have gathered from the figures I have paraded before you, the mere monetary cost will not be excessive.

And then—

There are so many ways of getting money and so few ways of getting wisdom.



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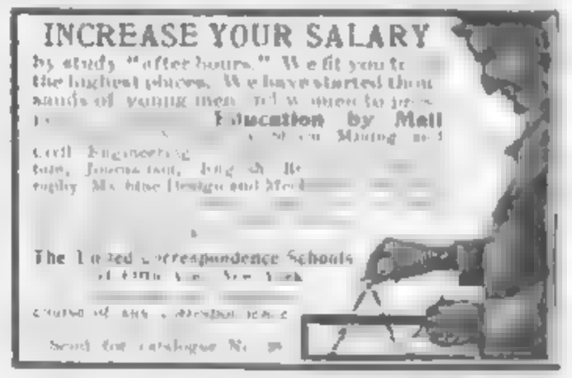

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Charles Major, Lawyer *and* Romancer

By Maurice Thompson

WHEN a man does something by which the world is attracted we immediately feel a curiosity to know all about him personally. Mr. Charles Major, of Shelbyville, Indiana, wrote the wonderfully popular historical romance When Knighthood was in Flower which was published a little more than a year ago and has already sold over a hundred thousand copies

It is not mere luck that makes a piece of fiction acceptable to the public. The old saying, "Where there is so much smoke there must be fire" holds good in the case of success in a novel. When a book sells to many people of varying temperaments and in all circles of intelligence there is power in it Behind such a book we have the right to imagine an author endowed with admirable gifts of imagination The ancient saying "The cup is glad of the wine it holds" was but another way of expressing the rule which judges a tree by its fruit and a man by his works for out of character comes style and out of a man's nature is his book distilled. Every soul, like the cup, is glad of what it holds

Mr Major himself has said, in his straightforward way, "It is what a man does that counts" By this rule of measurement Mr Major has a liberal girth The writing of When Knighthood was in Flower was a deed of no ordinary dimensions, especially when we take into account the fact that the writer had not been trained to authorship or to the literary artist's craft; but was a country lawyer, with an office to sweep every morning, and a few clients with whom to worry over dilatory cases and doubtful fees

CHARLES MAJOR

The law, as a profession, is said to be a jealous mistress, ever ready and maliciously anxious to drop a good-sized stumbling block in the path of her devotee whenever he appears to be straying in the direction of another love. Indeed, many are the young men who, on turning from Blackstone and Kent in a comfortable law office to Scott and Byron, have lost a lawyer's living, only to grasp the empty air of failure in the fascinating garret of the scribbler. But "nothing succeeds like success," and genius has a way of changing rules and forcing the gates of fortune. And when we see the proof that a fresh genius has once more wrought the miracle of reversing all the time-logic of facts so as to wring success and fame out of the very circumstances and conditions which are said to render the feat impossible, we all wish to know how he did it

THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR MAJOR LIVES

Balzac, when he felt the inspiration of a new novel in his brain, retired to an obscure room, and there, with a pot of villainous black coffee at his elbow wrote night and day, almost without food and sleep, until the book was finished General Lew Wallace put Ben Hur on paper in the open air of a beech grove, with a bit of yellowish canvas stretched above him to soften the light Some authors use only the morning hours for their literary work, others prefer the silence of night A few cannot write save when surrounded by books, pictures and luxurious furniture, while some must have a bare room with nothing in it to distract attention. Mr Charles Major wrote When Knighthood was in Flower on Sunday afternoons, the only time he had free from the exactions of the law. He was full of his subject, however, and doubtless his clients paid the charges in the way of losses through demurrers neglected and motions and exceptions not properly presented'

One thing about Mr. Major's work deserves special mention; it shows conscientious mastery of details, a sure evidence of patient study. What it may lack as literature is compensated for in lawful coin of human interest and in general truthfulness to the facts and the atmosphere of the life he depicts. When asked how he arrived at his accurate knowledge of old London—London in the time of Henry VIII—he fetched an old book, Stow's Survey of London, from his library and said

You remember in my novel that Mary goes one night from Bridewell Castle to Billingsgate Ward through strange streets and alleys. Well that journey I made with Mary, guided by Stow's Survey, with his map of Old London before me

It is no contradiction of terms to speak of fiction as authentic. Mere vraisemblance is all very well in works of pure imagination but a historical romance does not satisfy the reader's sense of justice unless its setting and background and atmosphere are true to time place and historical facts. Mr Major felt the demand of his undertaking and respected it. He collected old books treating of English life and manners in the reign of Henry VIII, preferring to saturate his mind with what writers nearest the time had to say, rather than depend upon recent historians In this he chose well for the romancer's art different from the historian's needs the literary shades and colors of the period it would portray

Another clever choice on the part of our author was to put the telling of the story in the mouth of his heroine's contemporary This, of course had often been done by romancers before Mr Major, but he chose well nevertheless Fine literary finish was not to be expected of a Master of the Dance early in the sixteenth century, so that Sir Edwin Caskoden, and not Mr Major, is accepted by the reader as responsible for the book's narrative descriptive and dramatic style. This style, so to call it, serves a double purpose; it hangs the glamour of distance over the pages, and it puts the reader in direct communication, as it were, with the characters in the book. The narrator is garrulous, careless in the construction of sentences, and often far from artistic with his scenes and incidents, but it is Caskoden doing all this, not Mr. Charles Major, and we never think of bringing him to task' Undoubtedly it is good art to do just what Mr Major has done—that is, it is good art to present a picture of life in the terms of the period in which it flourished. It might have been better art to clothe the story in the highest terms of literature; but that would have required a Shakespeare

The greatest beauty of Mr. Major's story as a piece of craftsmanship is its frank show of self-knowledge on the author's part. He knew his equipment, and he did not attempt to go beyond what it enabled him to do and do well

His romance will not go down the ages as a companion of Scott's Thackeray's, Hugo's and Dumas', but read at any time by any fresh minded person, it will afford that shock of pleasure which always comes of a good story enthusiastically told and of a pretty love drama frankly and joyously presented. Mr Major has the true dramatic vision and notable cleverness in the art of making effective conversation

The little Indiana town in which Mr Major lives and practices the law is about twenty miles from Indianapolis, and hitherto has been best known as the former residence of Thomas A Hendricks, late Vice President of the United States. Already the tide of kodak artists and autograph hunters has found our popular author out, and his clients are being pushed aside by vigorous interviewers and reporters in search of something about the next book but the author of When Knighthood was in Flower is an extremely difficult person to handle. It is told of him that he offers a very emphatic objection to having his home life and private affairs flaunted before the public under liberal headlines and with copious illustrations

Mr. Major is forty three and happily married: well built and dark; looking younger than his years, genial, quiet and domestic to a degree; he lives what would seem to be an ideal life in a charming home across the threshold of which the curiosity of the public need not try to pass. As might be taken for granted, Mr. Major has been all his life a loving student of history

Perhaps to the fact that he has never studied romance as it is in art is largely due his singular power over the materials and atmosphere of history. At all events, there is something remarkable in his vivid pictures not in the least traceable to literary form nor dependent upon a brilliant command of diction. The characters in his book are warm, vascular, passionate human beings, and the air they breathe is real air. The critic may wince and make faces over frequent and glaring lapses from taste, and protest against a literary style which cannot be defended from any point of view; yet there is Mary in flesh and blood, and there is Caskoden, a veritable prig of a good fellow—there, indeed, are all the *dramatis personæ*, not merely true to life, but living beings

Mr. Major's biography shows a fine, strong American life. He was born in Indianapolis, July 25, 1856. Thirteen years later he went with his father's family to Shelbyville, where he was graduated from the public school in 1872, and in 1875 he concluded his course in the University of Michigan. Later he read law with his father, and in 1877 was admitted to the bar. Eight years later he stood for the Legislature and was elected on the Democratic ticket. He served with credit one term, and has since declined all political honors, although his ability and personal popularity make him just the man for success at the polls

The title, When Knighthood was in Flower, was not chosen by Mr. Major, whose historical taste was satisfied with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. And who knows but that the latter title would have proved just the weight to sink a fine book into obscurity? Mr. John J. Curtis, of the Bowen-Merrill Company, suggested When Knighthood was in Flower, a phrase taken from Leigh Hunt's poem, the Gentle Armour

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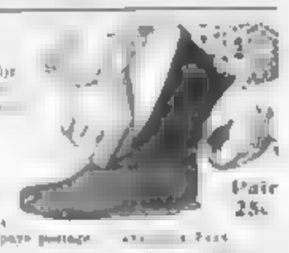

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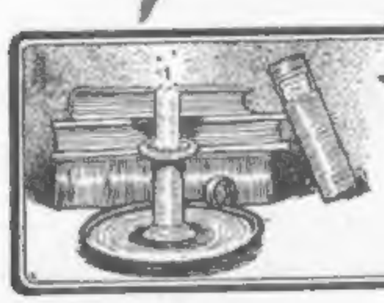

WHAT to READ

The Boyville Stories*

YOUNG "PIGGY" PENNINGTON, "Bud" Perkins, "Jimmy" Sears and the other chief personages in William Allen White's Court of Boyville are genuine additions to American literature. They stand as faithfully for the boyhood of the West—untamed, unwashed and unhallowed!—as Doctor Holland's Arthur Bonnicastle stood for the sensitive, introspective and intellectual juvenile product of New England. The "odor of sanctity" has as little association with these sturdy young belligerents of Mr. White's pages as with any pirate who ever carried the black flag on the high seas. But so delightfully human are these youngsters that the Western-bred man who cannot see in one or another of these small courtiers of Boyville the counterpart of himself is to be pitied for what he has missed from the earliest chapter of his life.

No greater compliment need be paid the skill with which Mr. White has delineated his unkempt little heroes than the statement that they are as true to boy life as the traditional boy of the old-time Sunday-school story was untrue. No reader of the Court of Boyville is oppressed with the possibility that any of the roistering knights will meet an early death because of spiritual precocity.

The only approach to the typical Sunday-school prodigy who has place in the annals of Free Town is "Mealy" Jones, whose mother "had been a perfect little lady in her girlhood and who was moulding her son in the forms that had fashioned her." And the browbeatings, the tauntings, the duckings, and the heartless ignominies to which this despised and rejected pet was subjected by his fellow-courtiers of Boyville form the opening chapter in the annals.

The truthfulness of the picture is eloquently attested by the fact that the sympathy of the masculine reader is hopelessly on the side of the persecutors of "Mealy," who is a nice boy, but as unmitigated a little coward as ever shrank from a bold plunge into the swimming-hole or kept a clean face for the space of half a day.

While every page of this deliciously human book is brimming with humor of the most ingenuous and irresistible kind, the second sketch, A Recent Confederate Victory—in which is chronicled the death of boastful, rheumatic, "no-count" Calhoun Perkins, who had served in the Confederate Army, and the adoption of "Bud" by Miss Morgan—is little short of a classic in pathos. That Mr. White is master of the whole keyboard of the boy heart is established beyond cavil by this story, which has not a single false note or touch of exaggeration.

The love affairs of "Piggy" Pennington form the theme for the sketch entitled, While the Evil Days Come Not. How tame and flavorless is the lovemaking of the "pur-blind race of grown-ups" compared with the delicious passages between the captious "Heart's Desire" and the impetuous "Piggy." The King of Boyville was "a sturdy, chunky, blue-eyed boy, who had fought his way up to glory in the school, and who had run, and jumped, and tumbled, and dived, and battered" himself into his royal position.

A more exquisite study of boy naughtiness is not to be found in our literature than Mr. White's etching of James Sears: A Naughty Person. More secrets and foibles of boy nature, of inward blushings hid by a froward mouth and a dirty face, are revealed in this history of Jimmy's revolt at the advent of the sixth Sears baby than in any other short story extant. What boy, the eldest of a family of several children, but understands how "to Jimmy the bleat of this little human lamb sounded like the roar of a lion," and how he despised "Mealy" Jones as "the sort of a boy who would unsex himself by looking at a baby, . . . and holding the loathsome thing in his arms?" But the crowning element in Jimmy's shame was the thought of his father "strutting about town, bragging of the occurrence." The exultant wickedness into which Jimmy's shame, jealousy and loneliness plunged him is painted with a true and unsparing hand—and not a masculine reader but will exult and sympathize with him! In the whole book there is not a tenderer touch than the portrayal of the mother's subtle understanding of Jimmy's attitude and of the motherly arts by which she so won and healed his sore and rebellious heart that the boy "rose and went to the place where the newcomer lay, . . . bent over the little puff in the bedclothes, grinned as he lifted the cover from the sleeping baby's face, . . . looked at the red features a moment curiously, and said in his loud, husky, boyish voice: 'Hullo there, Miss Sears; how are you this evenin'?'" And the final act in Jimmy's capitulation is thus recorded: "Then he pinched his mother's arm and walked out of the room, his soul at peace."

The closing chapter is a rollicking study of the joys, sorrows and sins to which the coming of the circus bestirred the inhabitants of Boyville. To read it is to taste again one of the rarest pleasures of boyhood. Orson Lowell's pictures are as close to boy life as is the text. —*Forrest Crissey.*

* The Court of Boyville. By William Allen White. *Doubleday & McClure Company.*

A Romance of Pitcairn*

THE great success of Mr. Richard Whiteing's book, No. 5 John Street, has resulted in the publication in this country of the predecessor of the London story. That story, as pretty nearly everybody knows—for it has been very generally read—has for its purpose the contrasting of high and low life in England. The Island, the new story which is really the old, has its scene laid in Pitcairn Island, where dwell a few families descended from mutinous English sailors and Tahiti women. They lead a life of extreme simplicity and virtue, and Mr. Whiteing tells about this in graphic and most sympathetic fashion with the declared purpose of showing how much purer and nobler these simple folk are than the grand and powerful statesmen and nobles who rule the British Empire, of which Pitcairn is an almost infinitesimal part. It is not at all likely that Mr. Whiteing has ever been to this remote island, which is only two miles by three in area, and on which dwell only about a hundred men and women all told; but he makes a very moving picture of the government and the society, which, according to this chronicler, appears to be as pure as that the Western preacher depicted in that imaginary town where the Christian religion was adopted as a practical regulation for every-day life. Mr. Whiteing's story, however, is a much more artistic literary performance than the American work to which allusion has been made. Indeed, it is written with noble force and skill, the descriptions being quite poetic, while the conversations are clever and original. It is not to be expected, perhaps, that it will have the vogue of the John Street story. Comparatively, it is lacking in incidents and in action. But I liked it better because it took me much farther from home than the other story. Strange lands and strange people are more fascinating than those that are both familiar and sordid.

* The Island. By Richard Whiteing. *The Century Company.*

The Siege of Saragossa†

PEREZ GALDÓS, one of the most interesting of contemporary novelists, and without any question the ablest maker of fiction in Spain, is known to American readers generally through his Doña Perfecta, which was translated into English soon after it was written, but reintroduced again a few years ago by Mr. Howells, who hails the Spaniard as a realist not afraid of the consequences of his art. Galdós, however, is not only a realist; he is too many-sided a man and too much of an artist to believe only in the efficacy of one style or one medium. He can be as much of a romanticist as the next one. And we should be glad that this is so, else we should not have the great historic novel, Saragossa. This is a romance of the Napoleonic wars in Spain, and the scene is laid in Saragossa when that city was besieged by the French and heroically defended by the people of the city and the province. The story adheres closely to historical truth, and history says that the defense of Saragossa was truly heroic. Hear what General Napier says in his Peninsula War: "When the other events of the Spanish War shall be lost in the obscurity of time, or only traced by disconnected fragments, the story of Saragossa, like some ancient triumphal pillar standing amidst ruins, will tell a tale of past glory, and already men point to the heroic city and call her Spain." This noble defense was in the first decade of this century. In the last decade we have seen Spain lose all her colonies. But Galdós does not entirely despair for his country. He says of his people: "Men of little sense—without any, on occasions—the Spanish to-day, as ever, make a thousand blunders, stumbling and rising in the struggle of their inborn vices with the eminent qualities which they still preserve. Providence holds in store for this people great advancings and abasements, great terrors and surprises, apparent deaths and mighty resurrections." This is one of a series of historical novels which has caused Galdós to be called by some of his contemporaries the Walter Scott of Spain.

—*John Gilmer Speed.*

† Saragossa. By Benito Perez Galdós. Translated by Minna Caroline Smith. *Little, Brown & Co.*

Poultney Bigelow's Tart Retort.—Poultney Bigelow, the author and traveler, whose new book on German affairs is a matter of some moment in the world of letters, was a schoolmate for several years of the Emperor of Germany, with whom he has ever since been on friendly terms. At one time thoughtless people chaffed him concerning this comradeship until he became tired and irritable at remarks of the kind. It culminated at a dinner in a New York club, where one of the guests told a story of personality. In the pause which followed Mr. Bigelow remarked:

"You remind me of——"

"Not the Emperor William," interrupted the facetious story-teller.

"Oh! no," replied Mr. Bigelow quietly; "the Kaiser is a gentleman."

Mrs. Catherwood's Lucky Dream.—Mary Hartwell Catherwood is almost a believer in dreams. It came about this way. After she had begun work on her Life of Jeanne d'Arc, she dreamed one night that a certain New York magazine editor had accepted the manuscript. She had already planned a visit to the metropolis to market her wares, and this dream, while not hastening her visit, did influence her to call upon this particular editor before any one else. To her surprise he said that he had already decided to print such a story. The bargain was closed the same day.

A Pointer for Morgan Robertson.—"Once a sailor always a sailor" is exemplified in the case of Morgan Robertson, the writer of sea stories, who spent many years before the mast. Not long ago he took a friend to luncheon in New York.

"It's in an ideal place," said the author. "I only stumbled on it by accident."

They went downtown on the West Side and ascended to a restaurant on the roof of a high office building overlooking the East River and Bay. There, from a seat near the coping, Mr. Robertson dodged all allusions to himself and his work, to books and the literary shop, and entered into a lively and technical description of all the ships that lay below him. Thus he talked from soup to coffee, while the dishes grew cold and the patience of his guest was strained to the snapping point. Finally the score was paid, and then the layman saw his chance for his first word and his revenge.

"How interesting!" he said sweetly. "Why don't you write some sea stories, Mr. Robertson? You seem to know a great deal about ships."

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THE POST'S PLANS FOR 1900

FOUNDED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, first printed on a little hand-press for a few hundred struggling Colonists, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has grown through one hundred and seventy-two years of varying fortunes to a great circulation and a foremost place among American magazines. It has seen the beginnings of our national life and literature; it has always stood for the best in both. A sturdy Americanism, a high ideal, a constant striving for excellence have made it what it is. New blood, new brains, tireless determination to give its readers the best magazine that men and money can make have placed it where it is. A beginning, but only a beginning, has been made by the present management. Week by week, in art and text, the POST will improve. More and more it will become the indispensable magazine to you. To give a comprehensive idea of what we are planning for 1900 would take up the full twenty-four pages of this issue. We can outline below only a few of the features that will appear during the early months of the year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is a magazine, not a news weekly; its appeal is national, not local; it contains twenty-four pages every week and thirty-two pages—with colored cover—once a month. By early spring it will have thirty-two pages—with a colored cover—every week. For five cents it gives as much in bulk, and more in quality and variety, than the average high-cost monthly.

During the coming year the POST will contain several hundred articles on subjects of live contemporary interest. The staff of writers who contribute these articles is a peculiarly strong and able one, and it includes representative a long list of Americans whose names are in- separably allied with the best and most advanced thought of the nation.

OCTAVE THANET

The average American is an omnivorous reader. His range of interests is wider than that of the average citizen of any other country, and so it is necessary for a magazine that will meet his wants to be of the broadest scope possible. This is one of the aims of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The men and women who contribute are chosen for their special ability and their well-known competence to handle the topics assigned to them.

Among them are: Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Colonel A. K. McClure, the friend and political ally of Abraham Lincoln; ex-Senator Ingalls and Amos J. Cummings, two of the most brilliant writers in Washington; Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, and Mayor Josiah Quincy, of Boston, both notable authorities on municipal affairs; President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of California University; President Hadley, of Yale; President Patton, of Princeton; Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, and President Butler, of Colby; Secretary Gage and Assistant Secretary Vanderlip; Generals Miles, Wheeler, Howard and King; Captain Robley D. Evans, Major James B. Pond, "Ian Maclaren," Edwin Markham, Richard Henry Stoddard, Elizabeth Stoddard, Mrs. Burton Harrison, H. N. Higinbotham, F. W. Peck, Robert C. Ogden, Charles F. Wingate, Miss Agnes Repplier, Richard Burton, ex-Minister Woodford and Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.

MAJOR POND'S LETTERS AND ANECDOTES OF CELEBRITIES

Ever since the days when that old-fashioned institution, the lyceum, attained to and declined from the zenith of its popularity, Major James B. Pond has been one of the most active lecture managers in the United States. During his long career as an impresario he has been in intimate relations with the most noted men of his generation—such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, Henry M. Stanley, John B. Gough, Wendel Phillips, "Ian Maclaren," F. Marion Crawford, Mark Twain, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Conan Doctor Nansen Doyle. Most of these men became Major Pond's warm personal friends, and continued to write to him charmingly and familiarly long after their business relations had ceased. During all of his long career as a lecture manager Major Pond has sedulously kept the two injunctions in the old adage: "Never write a letter, and never destroy one." It is not hard to believe, therefore, that his vast correspondence, which he has placed at the disposal of the POST, will prove a rich quarry of biographical footnotes. Major Pond has edited these letters with great care.

JESSE L. WILLIAMS

It is not too much to say that Major Pond's acquaintance has included practically all of the famous Americans of his own time and that of a great majority of the English celebrities who have lectured in this country. His collection of letters, personal anecdotes and photographs is really unapproachable in completeness and interest.

This great mass of material will form the basis of an extended series of papers which will form one of the attractive features of the POST for the coming year.

A SERIES OF PAPERS BY THE HONORABLE THOMAS B. REED

Mr. Reed's papers on national affairs, now appearing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, are unquestionably the most important and the most widely read articles published in any American magazine.

For twenty-five years Mr. Reed has been one of the most brilliant figures in the forum of American politics; for six years he was the Speaker of one of the greatest deliberative bodies in the world; and now, having retired from official life at the zenith of his abilities, he can write most convincingly of our national affairs.

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THOMAS B. REED

Among the papers that will appear soon will be one on Trusts and Corporations, and in one on Crises in Congress, both subjects of wide public importance, on which his opinions will carry unusual authority. In combining the finest common sense with the broadest philosophy, and the widest range of information with the reminiscences of one of the most notable careers in American politics, Mr. Reed becomes an ideal writer, and his articles have been favorably commented upon by the press of the country. Excellent as have been those that have been published, the coming ones will surpass them.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS' POLITICAL PAPERS

Ex-Senator Ingalls' papers in the POST give an inside view of political life in Washington. Mr. Ingalls' long public service and his intimate knowledge of affairs, together with his pungent style, make his articles on political subjects most entertaining reading.

Mr. Ingalls' papers on Famous Feuds in Congress and Blaine's Life Tragedy have achieved such wide popularity that the series will be continued during the winter. An article soon to appear, entitled The Humorous Side of Politics, is drawn from the writer's own experiences, and contains some of the most laughable episodes in the recent history of American politics.

COLONEL McCLURE TELLS HOW PRESIDENTS ARE MADE

This is a series of papers from the pen of Colonel A. K. McClure, in which the veteran editor gives his recollections of the Presidential conventions of the last half of the century. Col. McClure, with the single exception of Henry Watterson, is the only survivor of that great editorial circle of personal powers who were the ism of the past of the journalism was a member of the fifty years. He tion that nominated Lincoln for the Presidency; he was one of Lincoln's advisers, and he has been at every Presidential convention held since, either as a delegate or as the editor of his paper. Mr. Lincoln once said that Colonel McClure was the most brilliant man he had ever met.

COL. A. K. McCLURE

These papers, besides being delightfully written, have a decided permanent value. Much of their charm lies in the fact that the historian was himself one of the makers of the history that he chronicles.

CHANCES FOR YOUNG MEN

The editors of the POST have arranged for a valuable series of papers on the chances for young men in the far East. Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, the well-known traveler and special correspondent, has undertaken to investigate for the POST the business conditions in the Orient.

He is visiting Hawaii, China, Japan and the Philippines, and will devote an article to the opportunities for American business, trade and enterprise in each place. These papers will be eminently practical, and they will come as sound, expert advice to the thousands of young men who are thinking of striking out for themselves on the opposite shores of the Pacific.

Mr. Carpenter has the reputation of being a careful and conservative writer, and his articles in the POST may be received with implicit confidence. Mr. Carpenter will secure his information first-hand, and will base his articles on the very latest facts and figures, writing them with special reference to the young men readers of the POST. He will spare no pains in making an accurate estimate of conditions.

Mr. Carpenter has been provided with special facilities for obtaining an article upon the personal side of that remarkable woman, the Dowager Empress of China. He will contribute, also, some new stories of Robert Louis Stevenson's life in Samoa.

Other contributors of articles for young men are Mr. Robert C. Ogden, of New York, and Mr. Harlow N. Higinbotham, of Chicago, the executive heads of two of the largest department stores in the country, and William H. Maher, Charles F. Wingate and Maurice Thompson.

THE MAKING OF A RAILROAD MAN

In this series, half a dozen successful railroad men will write of that portion of the business with which they are most familiar. President Ripley, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, will discuss the matter from the viewpoint of "the head of the system." He will tell just what are the duties of a railroad President, his qualifications, his daily routine work, his troubles, anxieties, and how the long run from the lonely station to the President's office is made.

J. T. Harahan, General Manager of the Illinois Central Railroad, will write similarly of his own position. Other articles are in preparation.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. AND MRS. R. H. STODDARD

Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, the distinguished critic, and his wife for more than half a century have made their home in New York, and have had close, personal acquaintanceships with the most brilliant men and women of the last fifty years. Since the middle fifties their home has been the resort of celebrated people. They were on intimate terms with such men as Washington Irving, Bayard Taylor, Edwin Booth, N. P. Willis, and other literary lights of the period. Of these charming and distinguished friends Mrs. Stoddard writes delightfully. This series of chatty papers will present an admirable view of literary New York.

MORGAN ROBERTSON

The first of Mr. Stoddard's articles will deal with Nathaniel Hawthorne, and will appear in an early number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

During the coming months Mr. Vance Thompson, the POST's special correspondent at Paris, will devote considerable attention to the Exposition, and will describe the oddities, beauties and novelties at the big fair.

Mr. Thompson's letters will include papers telling the cost of seeing the Exposition and giving friendly counsel to POST readers who intend to be in Paris during the year.

MR. EDWIN MARKHAM'S CONTRIBUTIONS

Mr. Edwin Markham, author of The Man with the Hoe and The Muse of Brotherhood, is a regular contributor to the POST, and poems, editorials and articles from his pen appear at frequent intervals. Mr. Markham's contributions to the POST will be of exceptional interest to those who wish to keep in touch with the most advanced thought of the day.

LIFE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

This series of papers is an attempt to forecast as accurately as possible the conditions of every-day metropolitan life fifty years hence. The subject is one which teems with temptations to indulge in wild speculation and fanciful prophecy; but the writers of these papers—all of whom are experts and practical men—have made a serious endeavor to write conservatively and without overstepping the bounds of reasonable probability. The result is more rather than less interesting than it would be if the contrary course had been followed. Around the Twentieth Century the World in the Twentieth Century, which recently appeared in these columns, serves to illustrate the scope and purpose of this series.

STANLEY WATERLOO

Some of the papers which will be published during the next few months are:

The Public School of the Twentieth Century, by Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews; the House of the Twentieth Century, by René Bache. Other articles are in preparation.

THE DIARY OF A NEW CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE

The wife of a member of the National Government who is a brilliant writer has written for the POST some clever papers on her experiences in official society in Washington. She tells her early impressions of the new life, where she went, what she did, and whom she met. Some interesting

chapters of her diary recount how she got into Washington society, and how she was initiated into those inner circles where votes are lost and won over cups of tea, and where a pretty woman is a greater factor in practical politics than the wiliest politician himself. She writes frankly of her own little plottings, and tells how she proposes to advance her husband's political success. You will meet in these articles the people in Washington's society and political life about whom you are anxious to know.

For obvious reasons the author of these papers will remain anonymous. The first paper will appear in a February number.

THE REGULAR DEPARTMENTS OF THE POST

The POST's various departments will be continued much on their present lines during the coming year, though it is probable that when the magazine shall have been permanently increased to thirty-two pages there will be a general expansion and broadening of several departments. To the newer readers of the POST a few words may be not unprofitably said concerning these permanent features of the magazine.

CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS

The aim of the POST's editorial page is to reflect the best, the highest, and the most truly American thought of the time and the hour; to discuss current events, things without prejudice the greater which said.

and to say those staff of editorial writers includes, among others: Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the delightful essayist; ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, Vance Thompson, Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago; Charlotte Perkins Stetson, author of Women and Economics and In This Our World; Robert Ellis Thompson, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of California University; Edwin Markham, the author of The Man with the Hoe; Maurice Thompson, A. C. Wheeler, Henry B. Fuller, novelist and critic; Agnes Repplier, Hon. George Peck, Robert J. Burdette, Clark Howell, and many other able writers.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

This department gives a brief summary of current questions and tendencies of real significance, with suggestive and illuminating comment thereon. One of the prime objects of the department is to explain just what the questions of the time mean; to discuss them in such an informing manner that the reader who does not follow the newspapers closely may keep in touch with current affairs of importance and form an intelligent opinion concerning them.

J. CHANDLER HARRIS

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

A whole page of the POST is devoted each week to bright, personal anecdotes about people in the public eye. These anecdotes, for the most part, are written by men and women who have a wide personal acquaintance with the statesmen, authors, artists, inventors, clergymen, actors, scientists, explorers, lecturers and educators of the country. They are able, therefore, to furnish the POST with trustworthy sketches and anecdotes that have never before appeared in print. The pictures that illustrate these paragraphs are taken, in many instances, especially for the POST.

THE GOSSIP OF THREE CAPITALS

The POST's regular correspondents give the most entertaining gossip of Washington, London, Paris, which are the three great capitals in which Americans are most interested. Congressman Cummings tells clever stories of his colleagues, and records all the noteworthy episodes of current political life at Washington. Vance Thompson keeps his readers in touch with doings at the French capital, and E. W. Sabel gossips about Americans in London and Englishmen who are in the public eye.

HARLOW K. HIGINBOTHAM

THE POST'S PAGE OF HUMOR

The POST's staff of humorous writers is second to that of no magazine in the country. The most famous wits and humorists of this country and England are frequent contributors to it.

Besides Jerome K. Jerome are Hayden Carruth, Robert J. Burdette, Barry Pain, Charles Battell Loomis, Robert Barr, Chester Peake, G. S. Street, Tudor Jenks, Joe Lincoln, Oliver Herford, and many others of equally high reputation, who are writing about all the humor worth reading in current literature.

The POST's humor is real humor, and never degenerates into coarseness or mere horse-play. Its readers have fully appreciated the good things that its writers have prepared for them. Many of the POST's stories in the lighter vein will be illustrated, as hitherto, by Gustave Verbeek, C. D. Williams, and other humorists of pen and brush.

BOOKS

The POST is almost the only weekly magazine in the country that makes a specialty of signed book reviews, written exclusively by men and women of the highest literary reputation. The aim is to make these reviews readable and entertaining, rather than technically critical. Some of the POST's book reviewers and literary essayists are: Agnes Repplier, the well-known essayist and critic; Charles G. D. Roberts, author of the Forge in the Forest and New York Nocturnes, and formerly professor of English Literature; Richard Burton, author of Literary Likings, Songs of Brotherhood, and professor of English Literature at the University of Minnesota; Lindsay Swift, of the Boston Public Library; Henry B. Fuller, novelist and essayist; Vance Thompson, A. C. Wheeler, Tudor Jenks and E. S. Martin.

WM. MATHEWS

News from Bookland, a department of the book page, is a column of newsy, personal gossip about authors, artists and publishers.

THE POST'S POETRY

The poetry printed in the POST is, above all things, of the sort that work-a-day men and women can understand and enjoy. It is carefully selected for its genuineness of feeling, its sincere human sympathy, and its permanent value. Among the writers of verse who contribute to the POST are: Frank L. Stanton, Clinton Scollard, Richard Hovey, Madison Cawein, Joe Lincoln, Charles G. D. Roberts, Mary E. Wilkins, Bliss Carman, Carolyn Wells, Madeline Bridges, E. L. Sabin, Paul Laurence Dunbar and John Luther Long.

THE POST'S PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLEMENTS

The enlargement of the POST to thirty-two pages each week will permit the establishment of several new and popular departments. Among these is a photographic supplement, which will be issued, from time to time, in the interests of amateurs and beginners.

W. C. COUP

The POST's photographic supplements will be not only pleasing to the eye, but will be of genuine help and assistance to beginners who are not fortunate enough to number among their friends experienced photographers to whom they may go for instruction and advice.

Each of these photographic supplements will contain a large variety of half-tone reproductions of prints which have been sent in by POST readers in prize competitions. When requested by the sender, these pictures will be criticised by experts either in the columns of the POST or by letter.

The writers who will contribute to the supplement will include some of the most successful amateurs in the country.

AMATEUR SPORT

Lovers of amateur sport will find in the columns of the POST a weekly article dealing with some form of outdoor recreation. Driving, riding, golf, football, rowing, skating, polo, shooting, yachting, ice-boating, tennis, and the other sports will each, in its season, receive attention. During the coming months there will be papers on indoor athletics and open-air winter sports. Among the contributors to this department are: Van Tassel Sutphen, the golf expert (who also contributes stories involving sport); Harmon S. Graves, a former player on the Yale eleven; J. J. McNamara, sporting editor of the Boston Herald; J. Parmly Paret, the crack tennis player; A. W. Godfrey, an expert in all matters pertaining to the horse; H. L. Fitz Patrick, golf editor of the New York Sun; Captain A. J. Kenealy, the veteran yachtsman, and Findlay S. Douglas.

THE POST'S SERIALS FOR 1900

During the year 1900 the POST will print some exceptionally interesting serials by popular authors. The list is not yet completed; but the stories announced below suffice to give a fair idea of the high character of the fiction in store for readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

JEROME K. JEROME'S HUMOROUS SERIAL

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, whose clever volume, Three Men in a Boat, made him the most popular humorist in England, has written for the POST a series of fourteen inimitably funny stories about a bicycle trip on the Continent which he takes with his two friends. A "safety" and a tandem are the mounts.

Those familiar with Mr. Jerome will not need to be told of his power to involve the simplest incident in the most laughable entanglement of complication, or of his happy gift of seeing in the commonplace all about us the possibilities which we naturally associate with the grotesque and unreal. We all know the unfortunate who takes life too seriously. When he learns of the deadly potentialities of two such simple things as a monkey-wrench and a ball-bearing; when he is told of the pitfalls that yawn for innocent tourists, and has read of the humors of the road, his life and surroundings will assume a much rosier hue.

Such a large proportion of Three Men on Four Wheels consists of incidental stories—"specialties" they would be called in a play—that each may be read with enjoyment independently of those which precede or follow it.

The first of these inimitable stories will appear in next week's issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ROBERT C. OGDEN

DOCTOR BRADY'S NEW ROMANCE

Cyrus Townsend Brady's splendid serial, For the Freedom of the Sea, has met with such great favor in every quarter, and so many letters have been received asking for another serial by the same author, that arrangements have been made for publishing his new Revolutionary romance, Paul Jones.

Though not the hero of the story, the dauntless Captain of the Bonhomme Richard is one of its principal characters. Without being in any way sensational, Paul Jones is a rattling story of adventure, and one of the most exciting ever written against the War of the Revolution as a background. The love interest is powerful throughout, and the story is brought to a most unexpected conclusion. This and dramatic next spring.

VANCE THOMPSON

The hero of the story is a young American naval officer, a Lieutenant of the ward. His sweetheart—Bonhomme Richcharming woman ever drawn—is heart—the most British Admiral, the author has is harrying the the ward of a young Lieu- While Paul Jones ashore in dis- coasts of England his life for a tenant goes sweetheart. Fate guise and risks and his identity glimpse of his He is placed under arrest as a spy, and, after refusing to buy his liberty by betraying his commander, is sentenced to be hanged. The young officer's escape from death—even after the noose is about his neck—is in itself an ingenious story of great power and of strong dramatic intensity.

In addition to the longer serials mentioned, there will be shorter ones by Hall Caine, author of The Christian, The Deemster, etc., and Gilbert Parker, the brilliant author of The Battle of the Strong.

OVER 200 BRILLIANT SHORT STORIES

During 1900 from 200 to 250 of the best short stories by the best authors in the world will appear in the POST. The public knows what sort of stories it likes, and the POST will continue to satisfy a healthy appetite rather than attempt to create an abnormal one or force upon its readers stories for which they do not care.

The fiction that appears in the POST is chosen for its strong, healthy story-interest, as well as for its literary excellence. Although the POST's list of contributors numbers many of the foremost writers of the day, no story is accepted simply because it was written by a man who has been made famous by something else; and none is declined for the sole reason that the author has his reputation in front instead of behind him. The readers of the POST have indorsed this policy with no uncertain voice, and it will be continued.

The efforts of the POST to secure the greatest living writers have been untiring, and its list of contributors now includes the most popular authors of this country and of England.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Mr. Richard Harding Davis is, perhaps, most popular of the younger writers of American fiction. There is an indefinable something about his stories—a subtle charm of manner and distinction of style—that appeals very strongly to most readers. A story by Mr. Davis will be one of the most attractive features of the next special number of the magazine.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has turned from Aunt Minervy Ann to write stories of such absorbing interest that one wonders why they have never been told before.

Mr. Harris has taken great pains to glean authentic accounts of a number of obscure incidents, which, though apparently small in themselves, produced the most momentous and far-reaching results during the War of the Rebellion.

Other contributors will be: Rudyard Kipling, Bret Harte, Stephen Crane, General Charles King, Molly Elliot Seawell, Charles Egbert Craddock, Morgan Robertson, Vance Thompson, Cutcliffe Hyne, Gilbert Parker, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Robert W. Chambers, Mary Tracy Earle, Octave Thanet, Will Allen White, Joel Chandler Harris, Harriet Riddle Davis, Robert Herrick, Sarah Grand, H. Phelps Whitmarsh, Barry Pain, Paul Laurence Dunbar, "Ian Maclaren," Jerome K. Jerome, Robert Barr, Charles M. Flandrau, Maarten Maartens, W. A. Fraser, Jesse Lynch Williams.

JUDGE SETH ON SOLONS

By CHESTER PEAKE

DRAWN BY E. MARTIN JUSTICE

—"attends the legislative balls and forgets to tell his wife about it"

"I SEE," said Judge Seth, "that in addition to all the other troubles we have the Legislature on hand. Here the paper says, in great big type, 'Session of the Solons,' and I'll bet a bushel of red apples against a squash that not one in a dozen of 'em knows what a Solon is."

"Well, Judge, what is a Solon? You were in the Legislature once, weren't you?"

The Judge looked around in a deeply injured way and dropped his eyes as if preparing to blush. Then very solemnly and appealingly he replied: "Young man, why should you bring up the crimes that I've tried to live down? Why should you disgrace my innocent family? Why should you"—here he paused—"well, yes, I was in the Legislature. I admit it. I plead guilty. I was a Solon, and I did not know a 'whereas' from a 'be it enacted,' or a resolution from a paper-cutter. But of course, like the rest, I was in it for what I could get without going to the penitentiary, and I got my share, too. I got Ike Jackson appointed one of the Assistant Lighters of the Chandelier, and I must say that Ike really tried to please, for it was four dollars a day with no work to speak of, which exactly suited Ike, and he started in to do the best he could. The day after he was appointed we saw him come in with a great big ladder, and I said, 'Ike, what's that for?' And he said, 'It's to get up there to trim the wicks.' Well, sir, the plagued thing was lighted by electricity, and the other Solons just joked us nearly to death."

"But, Judge, what is a Solon?"

"A Solon, my young friend, is a fool with whiskers. Now just suppose! Here is a good man who is getting along on his farm with the respect of his neighbors and the friendship of the town store, and he slips a nickel in the collection basket with a clear conscience. He eats three square meals a day and sleeps eight hours, without getting up to write speeches at midnight. He is a decent citizen; he is the bone and sinew of the nation. But here comes a politician who needs just such a man, and before anybody knows it the old farmer is wearing a long-tail coat and putting dollar bills in the collection basket in a manner which shows that the devil of politics has got hold of him. And he gets his picture in the paper, and letters addressed 'Honorable,' and then he knows more about the tariff and future punishment and foreign affairs generally than the Governor and President put together. Why, after I was elected to the Legislature a lot of those college chaps came over here in a solid delegation, and the leading fellow with big words asked me what was *my* position on the educational issue of infinitesimal calculus. I confess it knocked me out for a minute, but I got my wind and said as well as I could, 'Gentlemen, I have given much thought to that great question. I am thinking of it all the time, and when the Legislature meets I will, I promise you, give it my most serious consideration.' They almost got me, but not quite. Anyhow, I was not as bad as Old Spriggs, of the next district. When they serenaded him with a brass band—he knew all about it, and I guess he paid for the band—he tried to do what he had never done in his life—make a speech. It scared him almost to death, and at the last moment he raised the window and said, 'Thank you, boys; come in and accept my hostilities.'"

"But, Judge, you have not told us what a Solon is!"

"A Solon is a man who goes into politics to get rich, and who creeps out to keep from the poorhouse. He is a well-meaning person who arrives at the Capital knowing too little, and who comes home knowing too much. He travels there with pure ideas and a high purpose, and returns in a parlor car on a pass. He goes to cultivate his mind and widen his information, and acquires a new thirst, and the knowledge that checkers differ from full hands and bobtail flushes. He is a church member who frowns on dancing and frivolity and attends the legislative balls and forgets to tell his wife about it. And long afterward he sits down to think, and thanks the Lord that he got back at all with enough character to face the congregation."

"But what does a Solon do, Judge?"

"Do, my young friend? Do? He does nothing. They all do him, and if you don't believe it, look at the laws."

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